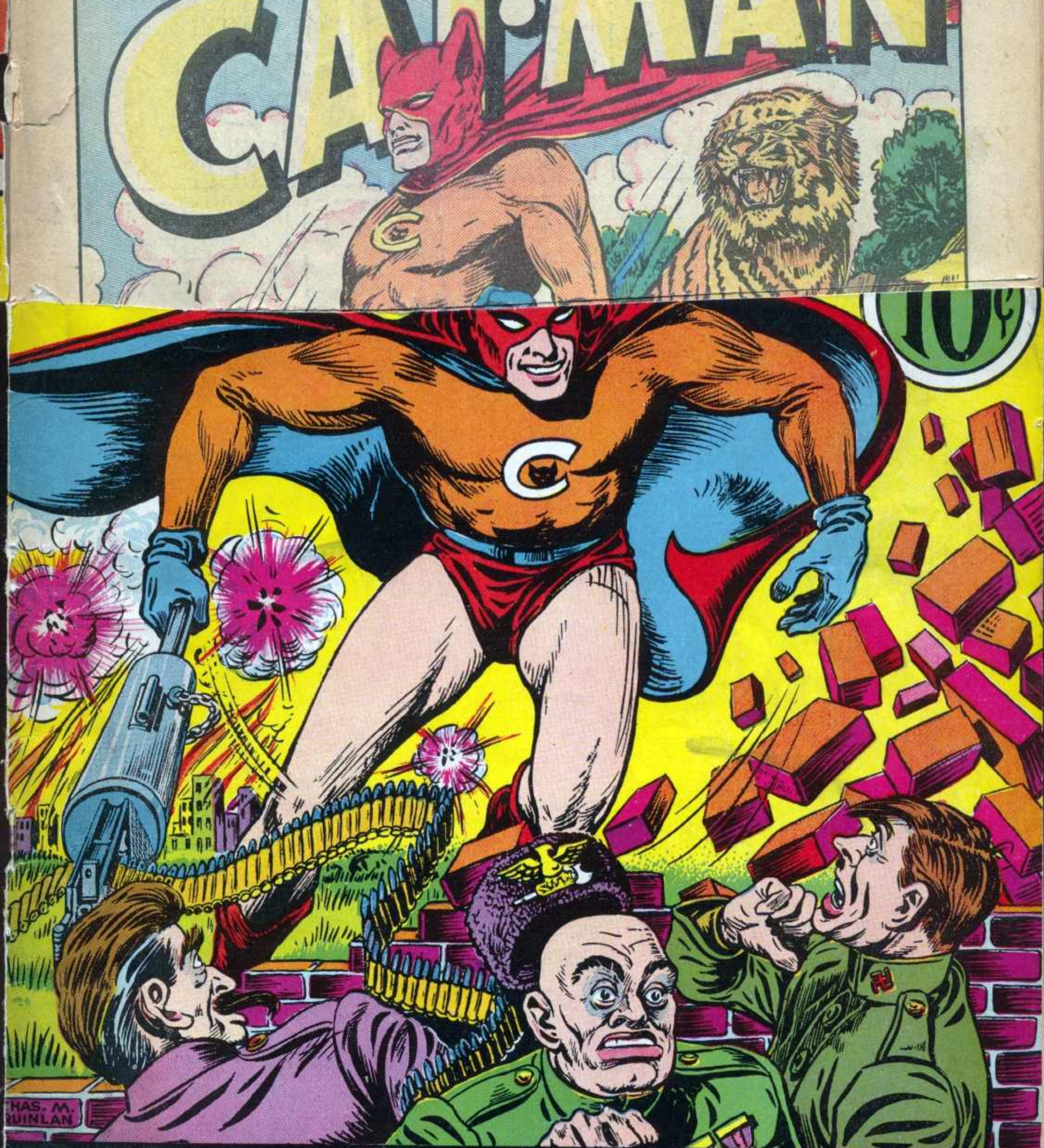


The CAT-MAN



IN THIS ISSUE ... *The Sensational "CAT-MAN" ★ "HURRICANE" HARRIGAN A Cowboy in India!*
"DEVIL DOGS" ★ The "DEACON" ★ "BLAZE" BAYLOR ★ The "RAG-MAN" and Many Others!



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NO. 3

CAT-MAN

COMICS

"America's Most Thrilling Fast-Action Adventure Stories!"

JULY

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CHAS. M.
QUINLAN

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Our Deep Thanks Again!

To the boys and girls of America for your many letters much like this one:

"Number Two CAT-MAN makes good your promise—TOP OF THE LOT. I found it interesting from cover to cover. Hurry the next issue to the newsstands."

Well, our third number we think is even better and as the months roll by we feel many thousands more will be added to our list of thrilled readers.

We are proud to have the CAT-MAN—BLAZE BAYLOR—THE DEACON—HURRICANE HARRIGAN—DR. DIAMOND—LANCE RAND—THE RAGMAN—LUCKY LANDERS and our other features made welcome in your mind and hearts and we pledge ourselves to make these characters worthy of their mission and your interest and support.

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The CAT-MAN



by
CHAS. M.
QUINLAN

IGNORED AND LEFT TO DIE... BY BANDITS THAT HAVE ATTACKED AND... DESTROYED THE CARAVAN OF HIS ADVENTUROUS PARENTS WHILE TRAVELING IN BURMA, DAVID MERRYWETHER IS PICKED UP BY A WANDERING TIGRESS AND RAISED AS HER OWN! BY CONSTANT ASSOCIATION, HE ACQUIRES THE ATTRIBUTES OF THE CAT FAMILY! HE CAN SEE IN THE DARK! LEAP MANY TIMES HIS LENGTH! CLIMB ANYTHING! BUT MOST IMPORTANT OF ALL HE IS ENDOWED WITH THE FABULOUS NINE LIVES! DISPLEASED WITH CIVILIZATION HE VOWS TO DEVOTE HIS LIVES TO RIGHT ALL WRONGS! ATTIRED IN A WEIRD CATLIKE COSTUME, HIS AMAZING CRUSADE SOON MAKES HIM FAMOUS AS THE 'CAT-MAN'!

IN THE BACK ROOM OF A SALOON IN A SMALL TOWN IN OKLAHOMA, SEVERAL MEN ARE GATHERED TOGETHER

NOW MEN, YOU HAVE YOUR ORDERS! GO! GET YOUR EQUIPMENT, WE ACT AT ONCE!

AS THE MEN FILE OUT, EACH TAKES A LONG TUBULAR PACKAGE FROM A TRUCK PARKED IN THE SHADOWS!



THE NEXT DAY AT THE
FIELD OFFICE OF
THE SHELTON OIL CO.



WELL JIM, UNLESS
THAT NEW WELL
COMES IN TO-DAY
WE'LL FOLLOW YOUR
SUGGESTION AND
SHOOT
IT!

YEH BOSS, I FIGGERED
IT'S THE BEST WAY,
SO I PUT A TORPEDO
OVER BY THE DRILL
ALREADY...



THAT'S FINE, ANYHOW WE
WILL WAIT UNTIL NOON AND
IF NOTHING SHOWS BY THEN,
DROP IT!



O.K. MR. SHELTON



THE NOON WHISTLE BLOWS, THE MEN
STOP WORK AND QUICKLY WALK AWAY
FROM THE VICINITY OF THE DERRICK!



DAWGONE IT JOE, I'VE
BEE-! AROUND OIL
FIELDS ALL MY LIFE
AND I'M TELLIN' YOU
THIS WELL DONT NEED
SHOOTIN'!

THAT'S WHAT
I THOUGHT, BUT
JIM IS THE BOSS
DRILLER AND
YOU KNOW HIM!

AS SOON AS THE MEN ARE
SAFELY OUT OF THE AREA
JIM SETS THE TORPEDO
INTO THE DRILL CASING-



RELEASING THE TORPEDO
HE DASHES WILDLY AWAY!



WHEN THAT BABY
BLOWS, SOMETHINGS
COMING UP, BUT
IT AINT GONNA
BE OIL!

HEY! WHAT'S JIM
A'RUNNIN' AWAY
SO FAST FOR? THEM
TORPEDOES AINT
THAT DANGEROUS!



SUDDENLY A TERRIFIC
EXPLOSION RENTS THE AIR!



WOW!
FIRE!

HIGH OVERHEAD A SMALL PRIVATE MONO-PLANE IS CAUGHT IN THE TREMENDOUS UPDRAFT FROM THE EXPLODING OIL WELL!



WHOA BABY! WHAT GOES ON HERE!

THE SUDDEN DISTURBANCE AFFECTS THE PLANE'S LIFT AND IT DIVES PERILOUSLY!



THE PILOT COOLY WORKS THE CONTROLS AS HE STRIVES TO PULL THE SHIP BACK ON AN EVEN KEEL!



SAY THIS IS NO ORDINARY AIR CONDITION... ACTS LIKE A VACUUM!

OPENING THE THROTTLE WIDE HE GOES INTO A POWER DIVE IN A BRAVE ATTEMPT TO AGAIN RESTORE LIFT TO THE FLOUNDERING CRAFT!

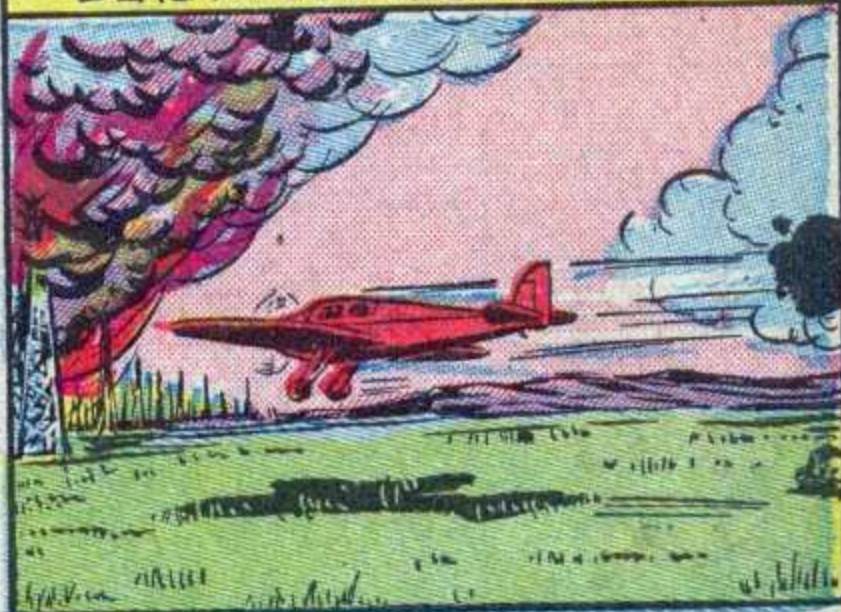


AS HE FEELS THE CONTROLS START TO RESPOND, HE GLANCES DOWN-

OH-OH THERE IT IS! A BURNING OIL WELL I'M GOIN' TO SIT DOWN AND LOOK IT OVER!



SEEING A SMALL CLEARING NOT FAR FROM THE FIRE, HE GLIDES DOWN INTO A BEAUTIFUL THREE POINT LANDING!



AS THE PLANE COMES TO A STOP, SEVERAL DRILLERS RUN HURRIEDLY TOWARDS IT!

WOW! HE MADE IT! GEE THIS GUY IS SOME FLYER!



HEY "CLOUDHOPPER"! YOU'RE JUST IN TIME! ONE OF THE MEN IS BAD HURT, YU GOTTA FLY HIM TO THE HOSPITAL AT TULSA!

O.K. BUDDY GLAD TO HELP WHERE IS HE?



AS IF IN ANSWER TO THE FLYER'S QUERY, TWO MEN APPROACH WITH A THIRD ON AN IMPROVISED STRETCHER



THE PATIENT IS QUICKLY PUT ABOARD

ONE OF YOU MEN HAD BETTER COME ALONG WITH ME, I'LL BRING YOU BACK HERE AGAIN!

GO AHEAD JOE, "OLD MIKE" IS YOUR PAL, YOU GO WITH HIM-

AS JOE RELUCTANTLY OBEYS, THE PILOT SWINGS THE SHIP INTO THE WIND AND TAKES OFF.

MY NAME IS JOE BANKS MISTER, I NEVER WAS UP IN ONE OF THESE THINGS BEFORE IN MY LIFE!

GLAD TO KNOW YOU JOE, I'M DAVID MERRYWETHER.. I HOPE YOU ENJOY THE TRIP-

DAVID MERRYWETHER!! YOU'RE THE GUY THAT FOUND THE RODALIAN AMBASSADOR I HEARD OF YOU! GEE!

BY THE WAY JOE WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR PAL BACK THERE?

HE WAS TOO CLOSE TO THE WELL WHEN IT BLEW UP! THE CONCUSSION GOT HIM... SORTA LIKE SHELL-SHOCK, YOU KNOW...

AS THEY NEAR THE OUTSKIRTS OF TULSA DAVID MERRYWETHER, (WHO IS REALLY THE MYSTERIOUS "CATMAN") RADIOS THE AIRPORT

HELLO--TULSA? AIRPORT, DAVID MERRYWETHER--- FLYING PRIVATE MONOCOUE.. J.L. 173, COMING IN... SERIOUSLY INJURED PASSENGER ABOARD! MAKE ARRANGEMENTS, AMBULANCE ETC., THAT IS ALL--

BOY! OH BOY THIS FLYIN' REALLY IS SOMETHING!... POOR "OLD MIKE" IF HE KNEW HE WAS UP IN AN AIRPLANE HE'D DIE SURE! HE'S SCARED TO DEATH OF 'EM!... AND TO BE FRANK WITH YOU I WAS SHIVERRIN' A LITTLE MYSELF, WHEN I GOT ABOARD!

ON THE FLOOR OF THE PLANE "OLD MIKE" MUMBLES DELIRIOUSLY

HE KNEW IT WAS GOIN' TO BURN! HE KNEW IT! DID YOU SEE HIM RUN? JOE, DID YOU SEE HIM?

THE HIGHLY DEVELOPED HEARING OF THE "CATMAN" DISTINCTLY PICKS UP THE MUMBLED WORDS OF "OLD MIKE"!

"HE KNEW IT WAS GOING TO BURN DID YOU SEE HIM RUN?" WHAT DOES MIKE MEAN BY THAT, WHAT'S THIS ALL ABOUT? JOE,...



I DON'T EXACTLY KNOW, MR. MERRYWETHER, BUT WHEN JIM DAHL DROPPED THE TORPEDO HE RUN LIKE BLAZES! "OLD MIKE" SAYS TO ME "WHAT'S HE RUNNIN' LIKE THAT FOR? THEM THINGS AINT THAT DANGEROUS," I DON'T GET IT... BUT "OLD MIKE" SEEMED TO SUSPECT SOMETHIN'!



WELL HERE'S THE AIRPORT AND THE AMBULANCE IS WAITING, WE'LL DROP "OLD MIKE" AND THEN START RIGHT BACK, ... I'M GOING TO HAVE A LOOK INTO THIS!

GEE! YOU DON'T THINK ANYTHING'S WRONG, DO YOU?



I DON'T KNOW JOE, BUT ONE THING IS CERTAIN, I AM GOING TO FIND OUT!



AS SOON AS THE SHIP STOPS, DEFT HANDS LIFT "OLD MIKE" OUT OF THE COCKPIT AND QUICKLY TRANSFER HIM TO THE AMBULANCE...

COME ON JOE, LET'S GO!



WITHOUT DELAY THE "CATMAN" AND JOE HOP OFF ON THE RETURN TRIP!

AS SOON AS WE ARRIVE JOE, TAKE ME TO THE COMPANY OFFICE



TWENTY MINUTES LATER THEY ARE SKIMMING DOWN THE BUMPY FIELD NEAR THE BURNING WELL!



THE "CATMAN" QUICKLY EXPLAINS HIS SUSPICIONS TO THE MANAGER-

GO TO IT MR. MERRYWETHER YOU HAVE MY WHOLEHEARTED SUPPORT IN CONDUCTING THIS INVESTIGATION-

THANK YOU MR. SHELTON-



BUT JIM HAS SEEN THE PLANE RETURN AND REALIZES THAT SOMETHING HAS GONE AMISS!

AN INVESTIGATION
EH! I'LL SEE ABOUT
THAT RIGHT NOW!



THE "CAT-MAN'S" SHARP EARS
DETECT THE SOUND OF
RUNNING FEET AS JIM
HASTENS TO WARN HIS CON-
FEDERATES AT THE HANGOUT!

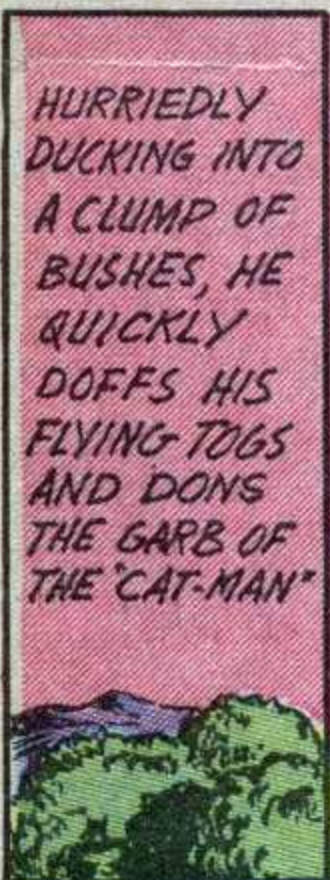
OH-OH! EAVESDROPPERS
EH! EXCUSE ME GENTLE-
MEN, I'LL SEE YOU LATER-



HE QUICKLY DASHES OUT, IN
TIME TO SEE THE FLEEING
FIGURE LEAP INTO HIS CAR!



HURRIEDLY
DUCKING INTO
A CLUMP OF
BUSHES, HE
QUICKLY
DOFFS HIS
FLYING TOGS
AND DONS
THE GARB OF
THE "CAT-MAN"



... AND RACES DOWN THE HIGHWAY
AFTER THE SPEEDING FUGITIVE!



A HALF MINUTE LATER!

HELLO BOYFRIEND,
MIND IF I HITCH
A RIDE?

YEE-OW



THE SUDDEN APPEARANCE OF THE STRANGE FIGURE
CAUSES JIM TO LOSE CONTROL OF THE CAR AND
AS IT SWERVES WILDLY OFF THE ROAD--

HELP!!

OUT THE WINDOW
YOU MUST GO!



NOW MR. SMART GUY
WHAT'S THE IDEA
OF SETTING THAT
OIL WELL ON FIRE?
C'MON TALK FAST,
OR WILL I HAVE TO
MAKE YOU TALK?



JIM'S HAND SLIDES
INTO HIS COAT POK-
ET AS THE "CAT-MAN"
QUESTIONS HIM!



SUDDENLY HE SLIPS OUT OF
HIS COAT AND LEAPING BACK
LEVELS THE GUN AT THE "CAT-MAN"

THOUGHT YOU
HAD ME EH!
...NOW I'M GOIN'
TO KILL YOU!



WITH A MANIACAL LEER, JIM AIMS!... BUT BEFORE HE CAN PULL THE TRIGGER, THE CAT-MAN SPRINGS!



OW-W-W-W



NO-NO! BAD BOY
MUSTN'T POINT
NAUGHTY GUN
AT NICE
"CAT-MAN!"

LOOK JIM, WHY NOT BE SENS-
IBLE, I TOLD YOU TO TALK OR
I'D MAKE YOU; NOW WILL YOU
COME CLEAN OR DO I HAVE
TO SPIN YOUR YARN
OUT OF YOU?



GO TO BLAZES!
I AINT TELLIN'
YOU NOTHIN'!

WITHOUT FURTHER ADO, THE "CAT-MAN" PICKS UP
JIM AND WHIRLS HIM AROUND LIKE A PIN-WHEEL!

O-K-WISE GUY,
HAVE IT YOUR WAY



OW! OW! MY ARM!
PUT ME DOWN!
STOP! I'LL TALK



THE GUY THAT OWNS THE SALOON ON MEADE ST., IN TOWN, CALLS HIMSELF PAT GARY, HIS REAL NAME IS HUGO SEITZ, HE'S A NAZI AGENT! HE PAID ME FIVE HUNDRED TO DROP THE BOMB, THREE MORE ARE TO BE DROPPED AT NOON TOMORROW! THE GANG IS MEETIN' AT NINE O'CLOCK TO-NIGHT



SUDDENLY THE CAT-MAN PRESSES HIS THUMB AGAINST A NERVE IN HIS PRISONER'S NECK AND RENDERS HIM UNCONCIOUS!

NOW TO GET BACK INTO MY FLYING TOGS AND TURN THIS BIRD OVER TO MR. SHELTON



A FEW MINUTES LATER HE CONFESSED EVERYTHING MR. SHELTON, IT'S A PLAIN CASE OF OUT AND OUT SABOTAGE CALL THE POLICE, HE WILL REGAIN CONSCIOUSNESS IN ABOUT AN HOUR, I HAVE TO RUN INTO TOWN NOW!

YOU CERTAINLY ARE A FAST WORKER MR. MERRYWETHER



THAT NIGHT AFTER THE GANG HAS ASSEMBLED AT THE HANG-OUT... A GRIM FIGURE LURKS IN THE SHADOWS AND SUPER KEEN EARS LISTEN INTENTLY

AND TO-MORROW EVERY NEW WELL IN THIS DISTRICT WILL BE AFIRE

THAT'S ALL I WANT TO KNOW!



ALL RIGHT GENTLEMEN, THE SABOTAGE PARTY IS OVER! YOU'RE ALL UNDER ARREST!

OH, YEAH!



YEAH! WHEN I SAY THE PARTY IS OVER I MEAN OVER!



WELL, THAT'S THAT! NOW TO CALL THE POLICE, AND GET OUT OF HERE!



HELLO, POLICE DEPT.? GANG OF SABOTEURS IN BACK ROOM OF GARY'S SALOON! THEY SPECIALIZE IN DESTROYING GOVERNMENT OIL SUPPLY! USING INCENDIARY TORPEDOS TO SHOOT WELLS! CLOSELY GUARD ALL NEW WELLS, ...WHAT? WHO IS THIS? ..."MEOW!" HA-HA



THE POLICE ARRIVE AND SURVEY THE CAT-MAN'S DEADLY HANDIWORK!

I DON'T KNOW WHO THIS "MEOW" GUY IS, BUT HE SURE RUINED THIS GANG!

"MEOW" GEE I GET IT NOW! IT'S THE "CAT-MAN!"

"SO LONG FOLKS, I'LL SEE YOU SOON IN ANOTHER SPECTACULAR AND THRILLING ADVENTURE IN NEXT MONTH'S"

CAT-MAN
COMICS

THE RAGMAN

THE RAGMAN, IN REALITY JAY CARSON, JR., BELIEVED TO HAVE BEEN MURDERED BY GANGSTERS, DEDICATES HIS LIFE TO FIGHT THE NEVER-ENDING WAR ON THE UNDERWORLD.



MIDNIGHT... A THICK FOG HANGS LIKE A MONSTEROUS GHOST, OVER THE DESERTED AND NARROW STREETS OF EVIL UNDERWORLD.

SUDDENLY THE DEADLY SILENCE IS SHAKEN BY THE SOUND OF FOOTSTEPS... AND FROM THE MIST EMERGES THE FAMILIAR FIGURE OF - **THE RAGMAN!**



HE NEARS A STONE ARCHWAY. A PAIR OF THUGS LEAP FROM ABOVE...



TAKEN BY SURPRISE, THE GALLANT CRIME-FIGHTER IS NO MATCH FOR THE ARMED THUGS. HE IS OVERPOWERED BY A VICIOUS BLOW FROM BEHIND... FORTUNATELY, THE RAG-MAN IS WEARING A FINELY-WOVEN VEST OF BULLET-PROOF STEEL.

HURRY MOE, GIV'IM THE WORKS!



WID PLEASURE, HEH, HEH... TAKE DIS RAG-MAN AND 'DIS HA, HA!

C'MON WE'LL THROW HIM OFF THE DOCKS! WOW, WAIT'LL THE BOYS HEAR ABOUT THIS, HA HA, THIS RAG-MAN IS DEAD, HA, HA THE GREAT RAG-MAN!



...AGAIN AND AGAIN THE KILLER FIRES INTO THE RAG MAN'S BODY.



WELL THAT'S THE END OF THE RAG MAN.. C'MON WE BETTER BEAT IT. THE BOSS IS WAITIN' FOR US!

AS THE TWO MEN DISAPPEAR IN THE FOG, THE RAGMAN SLOWLY PULLS HIMSELF UP ON THE DOCK....



...WEAK FROM THE LOSS OF BLOOD HE STAGGERS ACROSS THE WHARVES....



MEANWHILE NOT FAR FROM THE WATERFRONT...

SURE, BOSS, WE DID JUST LIKE YA' SAID!.. HE WAS A CINCH, AND NOW THAT THE RAG MAN'S OUT OF THE WAY YOU'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT!



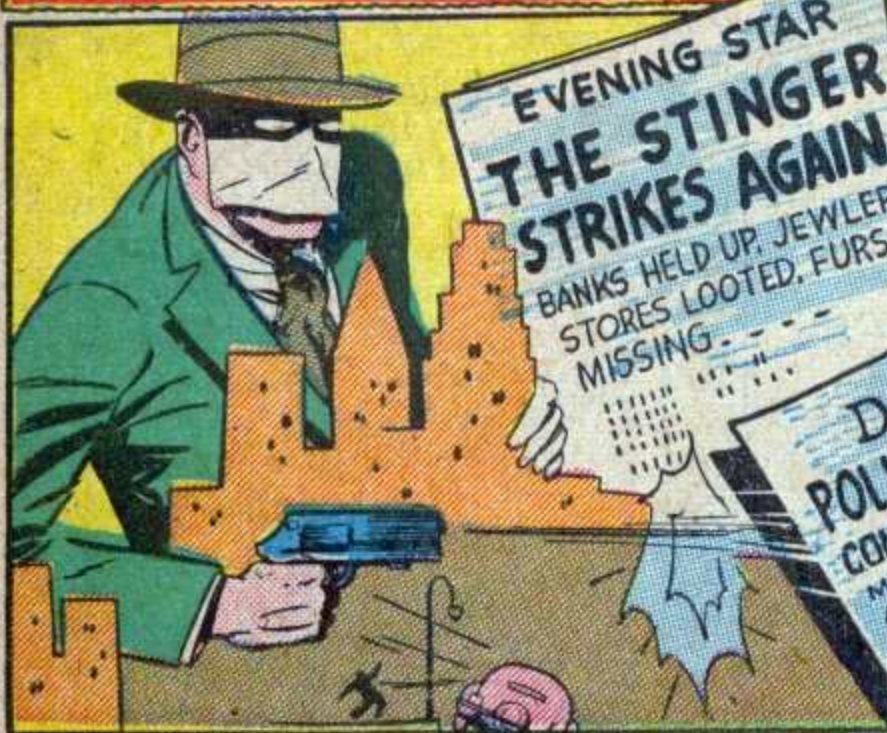
EXCELLENT WORK, MAX, VERY EXCELLENT WORK, AND NOW IT'S TIME FOR THE STINGER TO STRIKE!.. TOMORROW NIGHT WE'RE GOING TO HOLD UP FOUR BANKS AT THE SAME TIME! WE'LL KEEP THE COPS IN THIS TOWN RUNNING AROUND IN CIRCLES.



YOU MEN KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TO DO, WE'LL CALL A MEETING FOR TOMORROW, GET IN TOUCH WITH THE OTHER BOYS AND PASS THE WORD AROUND THAT THE STINGER IS READY TO STRIKE!..



TRUE TO HIS WORD, THE STINGER STRIKES, AND IN THE DAYS THAT FOLLOW, A FANTASTIC CRIME WAVE SWEEPS THE CITY.



EVENING STAR
THE STINGER STRIKES AGAIN
BANKS HELD UP, JEWELRY STORES LOOTED, FURS MISSING.

NEW ERA
COMMISSIONER DAY KIDNAPPED!!!!
POLICE COMMISSIONER RALPH DAY MISSING! BELIEVE IT OR NOT, THE STINGER HAS NAPPED BY.

DAILY TIMES
POLICE POWERLESS!
COMMISSIONER DAY STILL MISSING
MAYOR ASKED FOR AID OF F.B.I.

WHILE IN THE UNDERWORLD SHIFTY EYED MEN TALK IN LOW WHISPERS....

THE RAGMAN IS DEAD!
THE RAG-MAN, DEAD!
THE STINGER GOT THE RAG-MAN!



AND AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS, THE MAYOR CALLS A SPECIAL MEETING....

MEN, I WANT THE STINGER BROUGHT TO JUSTICE! ROBBERY... MURDER, WHY, EVEN OUR OWN POLICE COMMISSIONER, KIDNAPPED! I WANT ACTION I WANT IT NOW, OR I'M CALLING IN THE F.B.I.



I DON'T THINK THAT'S NECESSARY I'LL DETAIL MORE MEN ON THE CASE!.. IF ANYONE CAN CAPTURE THE STINGER WE CAN!!



YOU CAN! YOU CAN! THEN WHY AREN'T YOU DOING IT.. I'LL TELL YOU WHY LIEUTENANT BURNS, THERE'S A LEAK IN THE POLICE DEPARTMENT SOMEONE IS TIPPING OFF THE STINGER... EVERY TIME HE PULLS A JOB OUR MEN ARE BLOCKS AWAY! BAH!... A FINE DEPARTMENT WE HAVE.. BAH!



TINY, GET MY CLOTHES! THERE'S ONLY ONE PERSON WHO CAN BRING THIS KILLER TO JUSTICE AND THAT'S THE RAG-MAN!

BUT, MISTA' GARSON, YO' CAN'T GO AS THE RAG-MAN! YO' IS HURT, THEY TRIED TO KILL YOU ONCE, AND MAYBE... MAYBE...

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME TINY, THERE ARE INNOCENT PEOPLE WHO ARE BEING ROBBED AND MURDERED, BY THIS STINGER! HE IS A MASTER CRIMINAL, AND HE MUST BE SMASHED!... AND NOW IT'S UP TO THE RAG-MAN!!



AT THAT MOMENT, IN THE HOME OF JAY GARSON, JR., - THE SECRET HIDING PLACE OF THE RAGMAN.



AN HOUR LATER THE RAGMAN ONCE AGAIN VISITS THE NARROW STREETS OF THE UNDERWORLD.



AT AN OLD ROOMING HOUSE, THE RAG-MAN GAINS ENTRANCE ON THE SECOND FLOOR...



HELLO MAX, DO YOU MIND IF I HAVE A LITTLE CHAT WITH YOU??



YOU,...THE RAGMAN? I...I THOUGHT--- YOU...YOU'RE A GHOST!! HOW??

YOU'RE WRONG MAX, I'M QUITE ALIVE! THE NEXT TIME YOU TRY TO MURDER SOMEONE BE SURE THEY DON'T RECONIZE YOU!!!



BUT WE KILLED YOU! YOU'RE DEAD! ...STAY BACK... NO...DON'T COME NEAR ME...I HAD TO DO IT...THE STINGER MADE ME!



AND NOW I'M GOING TO KILL YOU MAX!.. JUST AS YOU TRIED TO KILL ME... UNLESS YOU TELL ME WHO THE STINGER IS?



I DON'T KNOW! HONEST I DON'T... BUT I KNOW WHERE YOU CAN FIND HIM! HE'S OVER....

OH... GASP



IT'S TOO BAD HE DIDN'T FINISH EH? RAGMAN---

OH, SO IT'S YOU LEFTY! AND STILL UP TO YOUR OLD KNIFE TRICKS I SEE!



TUT, TUT YOU'RE SLIPPING LEFTY! YOU MISSED!!



BUT HERES, ONE THAT WON'T!



I WANT SOME INFORMATION FROM YOU LEFTY, AND I'M GOING TO BEAT THE LIFE OUT OF YOU UNTIL YOU TALK!

ALTHOUGH WEAK FROM HIS BULLET WOUNDS, THE RAG-MAN'S CRUSHING BLOWS NEVER FALTER...

WAIT... WAIT (GULP)... I... I'LL TALK... I'LL TALK DON'T HIT ME... PLEASE...

I DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS!
NO ONE KNOWS...BUT...BUT
HE'S AT SUNNYSIDE INN, WITH
SOME OF THE BOYS!



THANKS, RAT...OH BY THE
WAY, LEFTY...YOU CAN
CALL THE STINGER AND
TELL HIM TO BE READY...
TELL HIM THE RAGMAN
WILL BE AT SUNNYSIDE INN
AT TWELVE O'CLOCK SHARP!



AND BACK IN THE UNDERWORLD....

THE RAG-MAN IS
NOT DEAD !!

THE RAG-MAN'S LOOKING
FOR THE STINGER!



LATER,
AT THE
SUNNY-
SIDE
INN....



ALL RIGHT MEN, TAKE
YOUR PLACES!... THE
RAG-MAN WILL BE HERE
ANY MINUTE AND RE-
MEMBER SHOOT
STRAIGHT! HA! WE'LL
SHOW THIS SMART GUY
THAT NO-ONE STANDS
IN THE WAY OF THE STINGER!



WELL WHY DON'T HE
COME...I--I MEAN,
IT LOOKS LIKE HE
TURNED YELLOW, C'MON
WE MAY AS WELL BEAT
IT, HE'LL NEVER SHOW UP!

WHAT'S TH'
MATTER BOSS, ARE
YOU SCARED??
DON'T WORRY HE'LL
BE HERE, AND WHEN
HE COMES HE'S
GOIN' TO WALK INTO
A STREAM OF LEAD!



A FEW MINUTES
LATER

HEY! WHAT IS
DIS? I'M GETTIN'
NOVIOUS--
WAITIN' HERE
LIKE DIS!

YEAH, HEY,
LOOK! AT
DE WINDOW!
THERE
HE IS!



LET I'M HAVE
IT BOYS!

HA, HA, TOO
BAD, RAG-MAN!



HELLO, BOYS. LOOKING FOR ME?
- TUT, TUT, YOU MUGS MUST BE
JITTERY, SHOOTING AT THE WIND
LIKE THAT!

WHA!!

THE..

..RAGMAN.



WELL, I GUESS THIS IS THE
END OF YOUR LITTLE MASQUERADE,
EH, STINGER?

RUSH HIM, MEN.
- HE'S ONLY ONE
AGAINST WE FIVE!
RUSH HIM, YOU
FOOLS!





TSK, TSK, YOU BOYS SHOULD HAVE MORE SENSE!



YOU GOT PLENTY OF NERVE RAG-MAN. GULP. NO-NO!



AH-AH - THAT'S NOT FAIR - HIDING BEHIND TABLES!

OH-O-O!



AND NOW STINGER, WE ARE ALL ALONE! I THINK I'LL JUST KILL YOU RIGHT HERE AND SAVE THE STATE THE EXPENSE!

NO. GULP. LET'S TALK THIS OVER RAG-MAN. IF YOU TIE UP WITH ME, WE'LL BE RICH!



YOU'RE A RAT STINGER, AND ALL RATS ARE ALIKE - I PREFER DOING AWAY WITH YOUR KIND INSTEAD OF HELPING!



NOW WE'LL SEE WHO THE BRAVE STINGER IS! ... WELL I'LL BE ... LIEUTENANT BURNS...



SO THAT'S WHY THE POLICE COULD NEVER GET ANY CLUES ON THE STINGER. ... TALK BURNS, WHAT DID YOU DO WITH COMMISSIONER DAY?

HE'S IN THE BACK ROOM... HE IN THE B-OH-O-O-O



THE FOLLOWING MORNING IN POLICE HEADQUARTERS

YES MAYOR, THE RAGMAN PRACTICALLY SAVED THE CITY. I SUSPECTED BURNS - THAT'S WHY HE KIDNAPPED ME!

COMMISSIONER, I WONDER WHO THE RAG-MAN IS. HE'S ONE MAN I'D LIKE TO SHAKE HANDS WITH!



AT THE SAME TIME... THE RAG-MAN'S SECRET HIDEOUT.

THE DAILY TIMES.
THE STINGER CAPTURED AT LAST
BY JAY GARSON, JR.
THE WORST CRIME WAVE IN THE CITY'S HISTORY BROUGHT TO AN END BY THE RAG-MAN....

WELL TINY WE SCOOPED 'EM AGAIN! THE STINGER WILL NEVER STRIKE AGAIN!

ANOTHER THRILLING RAGMAN ADVENTURE IN THE NEXT ISSUE OF CAT-MAN COMICS! 6

"Blaze" Baylor and THE ARSON RING

... WHEN THE FAMOUS FIRE CHIEF "SMOKEY" BAYLOR IS KILLED IN AN INCENDIARY FIRE.... HIS SON (A YOUNG INSPECTOR CALLED "BLAZE") VOWS VENGEANCE AND DEDICATES HIS LIFE TO THE TASK OF TRACKING DOWN ALL WHO PROFIT FROM THE CRIME OF ARSON!

BY CHAS. M. QUINLAN



AT THE DISTRICT COURT IN THE LITTLE TOWN OF WESTFALLS, THE JURY HAS ARRIVED AT A VERDICT.

WE THE GENTLEMEN OF THE JURY FIND THE DEFENDANT GUILTY AS CHARGED!

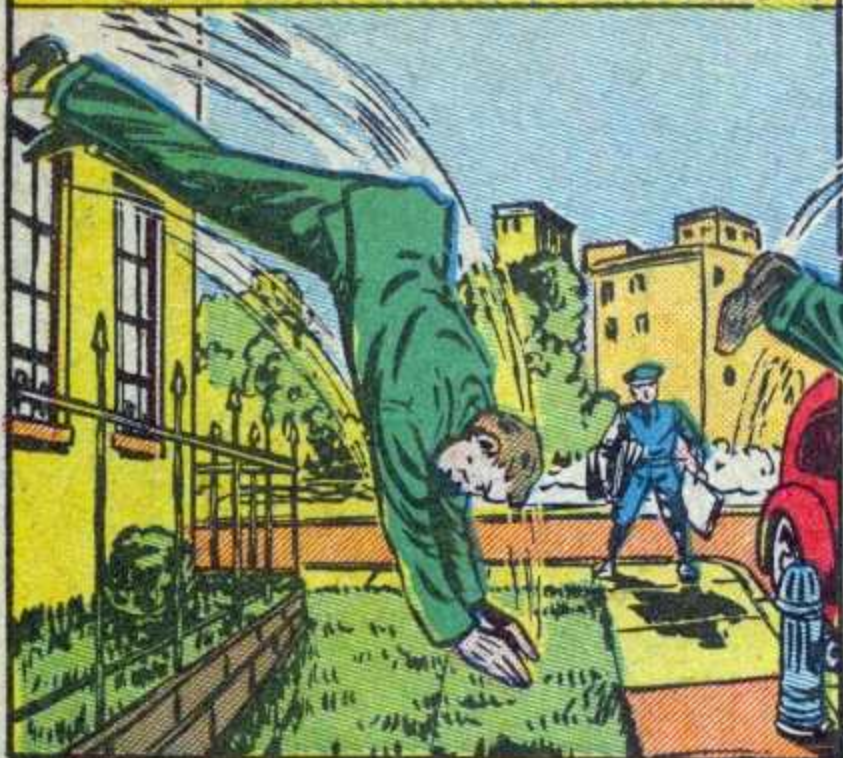
NO! NO! YOU CANT! I DIDN'T DO IT! IT'S A LIE!



.... WITH A WILD YELL THE PRISONER BREAKS AWAY AND DIVES HEADLONG THROUGH A WINDOW!!!



BARELY MISSING A HIGH PICKET FENCE.
THE FUGITIVE LEVELS OUT LIKE AN ACROBAT!



CATCHING THE FALL ON HIS HANDS, HE DUCKS HIS
HEAD UNDER AND SOMERSAULTS OVER ONTO HIS FEET.



...THEN DASHES SWIFTLY
TO A CAR PARKED NEARBY!



HE QUICKLY STARTS THE
MOTOR AND RACES AWAY



...JUST AS THE POLICE RUSH OUT FOLLOWED BY
EXCITED SPECTATORS AND COURT ATTENDANTS!



THAT EVENING... THE NEWSPAPERS ARE FILLED
WITH THE STORY OF THE DARING ESCAPE!



LATER THAT
SAME NIGHT!

...AN ALERT POLICEMAN FINDS THE
STOLEN CAR AND A NOTE !!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT
AT THE HOME OF "BLAZE"
BAYLOR, THE PHONE RINGS

IT'S CHIEF BURNS
CALLING MR. BAYLOR,
I GUESS I'LL GO
HOME NOW.



O.K. "CHUCK"
GOOD NIGHT

HELLO CHIEF,
WHAT'S ON YOUR
MIND?



OH NOTHING IN PARTICULAR,
I JUST CALLED TO GET
YOUR OPINION ON THE
CASE OF THAT FIRE-BUG
THAT ESCAPED
YESTERDAY!



WELL TO BE FRANK
OLD TIMER, I REALLY HAVE
NO OPINION, BUT I
AM SURE OF ONE
THING.. IF I HAD
BEEN ON THAT JOB
THERE'D BE NO
DOUBT OF HIS GUILT!



WHILE "BLAZE" AND THE
CHIEF CONVERSE, A MAN
LURKS IN THE SHADOWS OUT-
SIDE AND LISTENS INTENTLY!

O-K, I'LL SEE
YOU TO-MORROW
GOOD-NIGHT
CHIEF-



AS SOON AS THE ARSON
DETECTIVE HANGS-UP,
THE FURTIVE FIG-
URE HURRIES TO
THE BACK DOOR!



HE WATCHES "CHUCK" AS HE
LEAVES THE HOUSE AND WALKS
TO HIS WAITING TAXI-CAB ???



THEN
SUDDENLY
WITHOUT
HESITATION,
HE KNOCKS
ON THE DOOR!



WHAT THE ???... WHO IN
HEAVEN'S NAME, WOULD BE
KNOCKING ON THE BACK
DOOR, AT THIS TIME OF
NIGHT?





GOOD EVENING, WONT YOU COME IN, IT'S KIND OF WET, STANDING OUT THERE.

IT SURE IS MR. BAYLOR, ... THANKS



I WAS JUST HAVING A CUP OF COFFEE WHEN YOU KNOCKED, PLEASE JOIN ME, IT WILL WARM YOU UP AND THEN YOU CAN TELL ME THE REASON FOR THIS VISIT—

ALRIGHT MR. BAYLOR, THANKS, I BELIEVE I WILL.



BUT, BEFORE YOU OFFER YOUR HOSPITALITY, LET ME INTRODUCE MYSELF.....

... I AM THE ESCAPED FIRE BUG!



SIT DOWN AND HAVE YOUR COFFEE, .. I KNEW WHO YOU WERE THE MOMENT I SAW YOU... YOU SEE I READ THE PAPERS TOO.



I WAS FRAMED MR. BAYLOR, I DIDN'T START THAT OR ANY OTHER FIRE, THE EVIDENCE THEY FOUND IN MY LOCKER WAS PLANTED! I CAME TO YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HELP ME!



SUDDENLY 'BLAZE PICKS UP A PHONE AND CALLS A NUMBER!

GET ME, CIRCLE 813



THE VISITOR LEAPS TO HIS FEET AND QUICKLY DRAWS A GUN!

HEY! WHAT ARE YOU DOING?? YOU'RE CALLING THE COPS!!

RELAX CHUM, PUT AWAY THAT GUN! I'M NOT TURNING YOU IN, .. HELLO 'CHUCK' GET OVER HERE AT ONCE! WE'VE GOT WORK TO DO.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER, "CHUCK" IS AT THE WHEEL OF HIS CAB AND THEY ARE RACING OVER THE HIGHWAY TO MILETON THE TOWN WHERE THE CRIME WAS COMMITTED!

...AND ONLY A COUPLE OF HOURS BEFORE THE FIRE STARTED, SOME PHONEY FIRE-INSPECTORS WAS EXAMINING MY LOCKER....!



...I TOLD THE COURT ABOUT IT AT THE TRIAL, BUT THEY WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME!... THE PROSECUTOR SAID IT WAS JUST A TRUMPED UP ALIBI! HEY! "CHUCK" WAIT A MINUTE! STOP THE CAB!

WHAT'S THE MATTER?



AS "CHUCK" JAMS ON THE BRAKES, THE FUGITIVE POINTS EXCITEDLY!

BACK THERE! THAT THIRD HOUSE! THOSE MEN WERE HANGING AROUND THERE. THE DAY I WAS ARRESTED I SEEN 'EM!



COME ON, THERE'S ONLY ONE THING TO DO TO PROVE YOU'RE INNOCENT, WE MUST QUESTION THOSE MEN OR ARREST THEM!



SLIPPING HIS POWERFUL CHEMI-GUN UNDER HIS JACKET, "BLAZE" AND THE YOUNG MAN QUIETLY WALK UP THE STEPS!

IF YOU RECOGNIZE ANY OF THEM NUDGE ME AND HAVE YOUR GUN READY!

O-K. MR. BAYLOR!



HE RINGS THE BELL!... A MINUTE LATER, A SWARTHY INDIVIDUAL OPENS THE DOOR

WHAT'YA WANT?



WE'RE FIRE INSPECTORS WE JUST WANT TO LOOK AROUND!

OH YEAH!



THE FUGITIVE QUICKLY NUDGES "BLAZE" AS THE MAN APPEARS!

YEAH!



AT THE NOISE OF THE SCUFFLE, SEVERAL MEN RUSH OUT TO INVESTIGATE

COPS!
BEAT IT!



RUN, YOU GUYS! I'M GONNA
GIVE 'EM A HOT RECEPTION.



"BLAZE" IS MET BY A SEARING
WALL OF FLAME AS HE KICKS
THE DOOR IN!!



QUICKLY HE PLAYS THE CHEMI-
GUN INTO THE RAGING FIRE!

C'MON KID
FOLLOW ME!



REALIZING THAT THE QUARRY MAY
TRY TO ESCAPE THRU THE REAR,
"CHUCK" DASHES AROUND AND
MEETS THEM AS THEY COME OUT!

AH-HAAA!



"BLAZE" AND THE FUGITIVE RUSH
UP JUST AS "CHUCK" STARTS SWINGING



THE FIGHT IS ABOUT OVER AS
THE POLICE ARRIVE!

DON'T MOVE, YOU'RE ALL UNDER
ARREST

WHAT! NO
MORE? GEE!
I WAS JUST
WARMIN' UP!



IT'S ALRIGHT OFFICER,
I AM "BLAZE" BAYLOR,
THESE ARE MY MEN -
YOU BETTER CALL THE
WAGON FOR THOSE
FIREBUGS ON THE
GROUND



LATER!

...AND JOSEPH HART IS
COMPLETELY EXONERATED
WITH THE ABJECT APOLOGIES
OF THIS COURT... BRING
IN THE OTHERS

WELL THAT'S
THAT "CHUCK," LET'S
GO!



DON'T MISS THE NEXT ADVENTURE
OF "BLAZE" BAYLOR, IN THE NEXT
ISSUE OF CAT-MAN COMICS



DR.

DIAMOND

DR. DIAMOND A YOUNG AMERICAN SURGEON POSSESSES A STRANGE BLACK DIAMOND, ENDOWING HIM WITH VAST SUPER-NATURAL POWERS! HE DEVOTES HIS LIFE TO THE DESTRUCTION OF THE FORCES OF EVIL.

ALLEN ULLMER JR.

JUST SOUTH OF THE RIO GRANDE NOT FAR FROM THE TOWN OF VEREZ, MEXICO, STANDS A BUILDING OF ULTRA-MODERN DESIGN.

IN HERE, IN HIS HUGE LABORATORY, A ONCE FAMOUS INVENTOR GIVES FINAL INSTRUCTIONS TO HIS MEN.

REMEMBER, THIS DR. DIAMOND IS A POWERFUL MAN. HE CARRIES A MAGIC DIAMOND THAT GIVES HIM HIS POWER... I WANT THAT DIAMOND!

DON'T WORRY, GARCIA, WE'LL BRING DR. DIAMOND... OR ELSE!

HEH, HEH! WITH MY LATEST INVENTION AND THE BLACK DIAMOND, I CAN RULE THE ENTIRE WORLD! HEH HEH! -AND NO ONE IS GOING TO STOP ME! HEH, HEH! NO ONE!



MEANWHILE, IN A HOTEL IN VEREZ, DR. DRAKE GORDON, BETTER KNOWN TO THE WORLD AS DR. DIAMOND, READS AN AMERICAN NEWSPAPER BEFORE RETIRING....



SUDDENLY SENSING DANGER, HE LEAPS FROM THE CHAIR....



.... BUT AS HE STEPS FORWARD HE COLLAPSES TO THE FLOOR!



A FEW MINUTES LATER

IT LOOKS LIKE THE GAS DID THE TRICK, EH, HEDRICH? HE'S OUT COLD!

YEAH, AND HERE'S THE DIAMOND ALL RIGHT. C'MON, WE GOTTA GET HIM BACK TO THE CHIEF!



AND STILL LATER, BACK IN THE MEXICAN HILLS DR. DIAMOND AWAKENS....

HA! SO THE GREAT DR. DIAMOND IS AT LAST POWERLESS... AND NOW THAT I HAVE THE MAGIC BLACK DIAMOND, I'M GOING TO CONQUER THE WORLD!



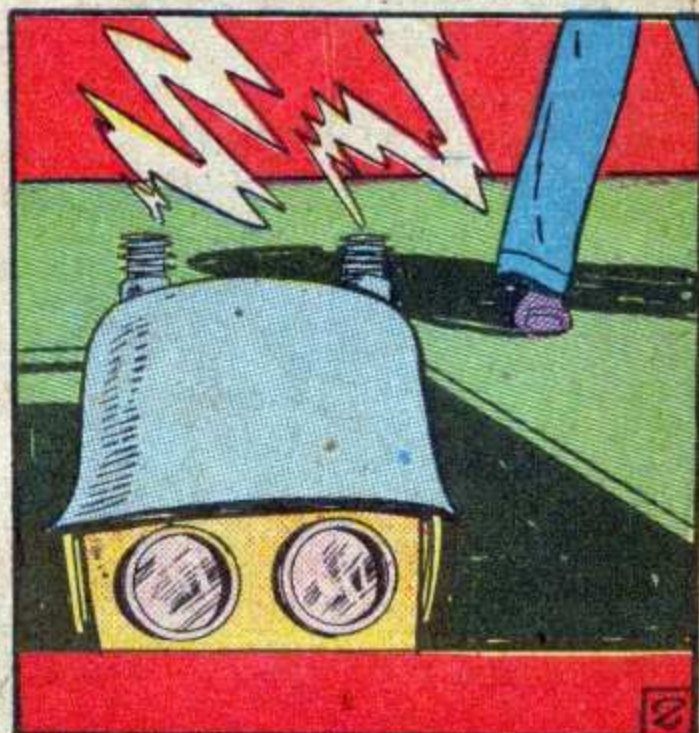
THROUGH A SMALL TUBE INSERTED IN THE KEYHOLE, A STEADY STREAM OF THIN YELLOW VAPOR POURS INTO THE ROOM...
GAS....

YOU'RE MAD! NOT EVEN THE BLACK DIAMOND CAN GIVE YOU ENOUGH POWER TO CONQUER THE WORLD. YOU POWER-LUST KILLERS ARE ALL ALIKE AND ALWAYS END UP CRYING FOR MERCY!

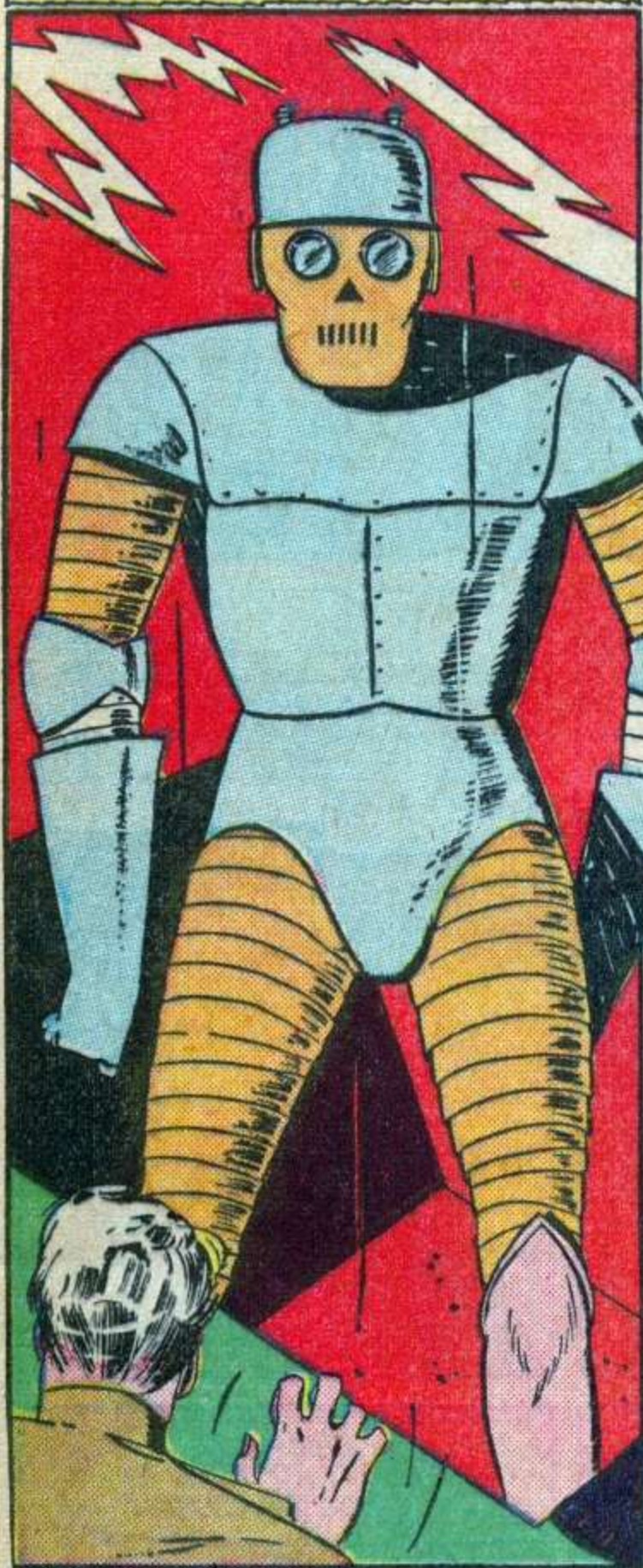
BAH! YOU FOOL - I'M GOING TO SHOW YOU SOMETHING THAT WILL MAKE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND! HEDRICH, SHOW HIM OUR PET! HEH, HEH!



RELEASING A WELL-CONCEALED LEVER, A PORTION OF THE FLOOR DISAPPEARS AND A HUGE METAL OBJECT SLOWLY RISES FROM THE FLOOR...



.. AND A SECOND LATER, A GIGANTIC ROBOT COMES INTO VIEW....



THIS, DR. DIAMOND, IS NAJAR, THE FUTURE CONQUERER OF THE WORLD. HE'S STRONGER THAN A WHOLE ARMY!



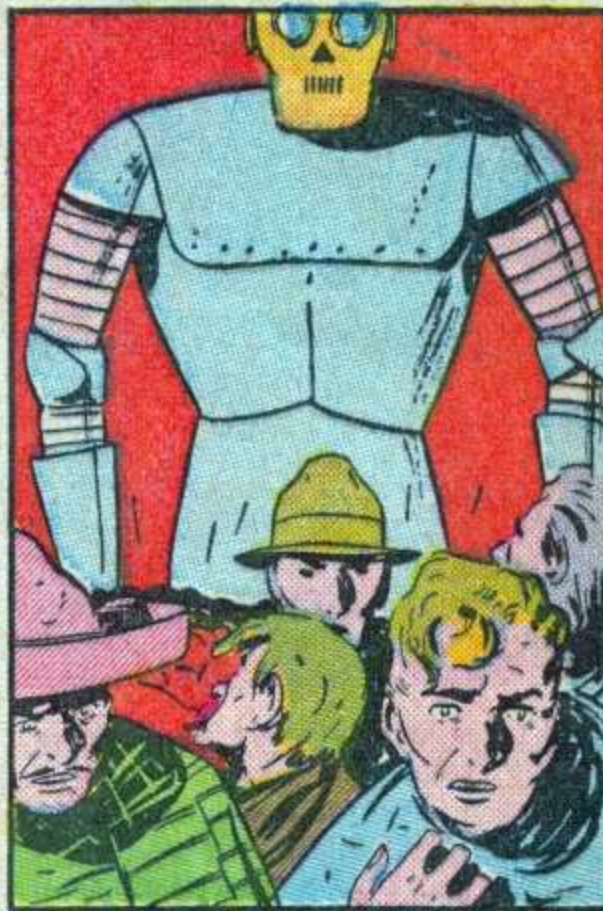
ACROSS THE HOT SAND THE GIGANTIC MONSTER SLOWLY MAKES ITS WAY TOWARD THE SMALL TOWN OF VEREZ.



GO NAJAR! GO TO THE CITY, DESTROY IT AS WE PLANNED. THE WHOLE WORLD SHALL BE OURS!



AS IT TRAMPLES THRU THE STREETS, HORRIFIED PEOPLE RUN FOR THEIR LIVES.



TELEPHONE POLES AND SMALL BUILDINGS CRUMBLE LIKE PAPER AS THE ROBOT STALKS THROUGH THE CITY.



MACHINE GUNS ARE BROUGHT INTO ACTION-BUT THE MONSTER CANNOT BE HALTED!



MEANWHILE BACK IN THE INVENTORS' LABORATORY, HE WATCHES "NAJOR" THROUGH HIS TELEWAVE



HA! SO THEY SAY I'M CRAZY! WITH 'NAJAR' AND THE BLACK DIAMOND GIVES ME ANY-THING I WISH!



I'VE GOT TO GET OUT OF HERE! THAT ROBOT IS PROBABLY WRECKING THE TOWN BY THIS TIME... I MUST STOP IT-- I MUST!

PSSSS!



SHH! YOU'RE DR. DIAMOND. AREN'T YOU... I'M GOING TO CUT YOUR ROPES! YOU MUST HELP ME!



WH... HEY, YOU'RE A GIRL!

WHAT'S THIS? WHO'RE YOU? WHY ARE YOU HELPING ME?

I'M ELENA, BORCIA IS MY STEP FATHER. HE'S MAD! HERE'S YOUR DIAMOND. I TOOK IT FROM HIM. YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN STOP THAT MONSTER HE'S CREATED!



ONCE HE WAS A GREAT INVENTOR. HE WORKED LONG HOURS - NEVER STOPPING TO REST... THEN ONE DAY HIS MIND CRACKED... SINCE THEN, HE HAS ROBBED AND MURDERED! YOU'VE GOT TO STOP HIM, QUICKLY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER, THE POWERFUL FIGURE OF DR. DIAMOND LEAPS INTO ACTION...



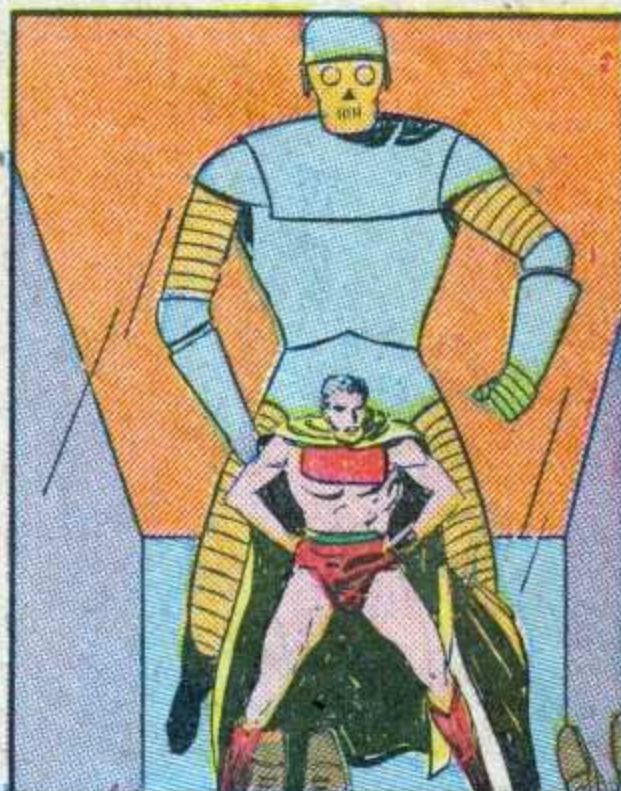
HEY, WHAT TH' IT'S DR. DIAMOND! HOW...?

YES, IT'S DR. DIAMOND! - AND NOW IT'S MY TURN TO SHOW YOU SOME ACTION!

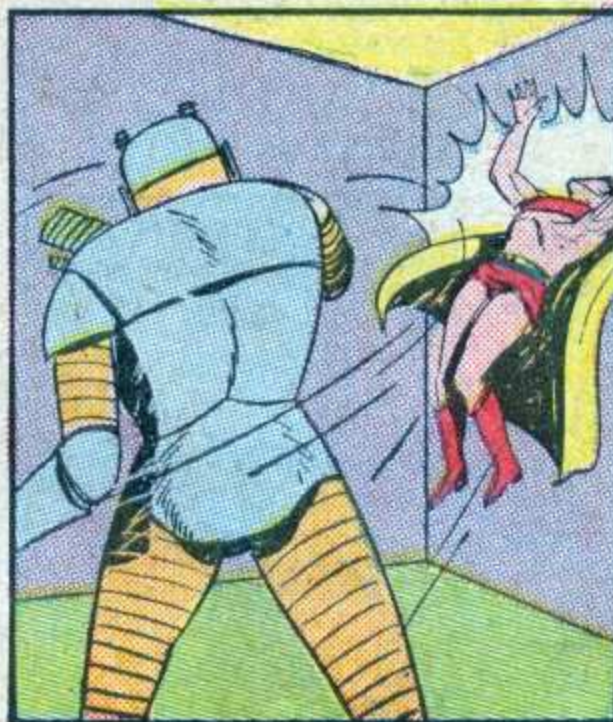




RETURNING FROM HIS MISSION OF DESTRUCTION, THE MONSTROUS ROBOT MOVES SLOWLY UP BEHIND DR. DIAMOND....



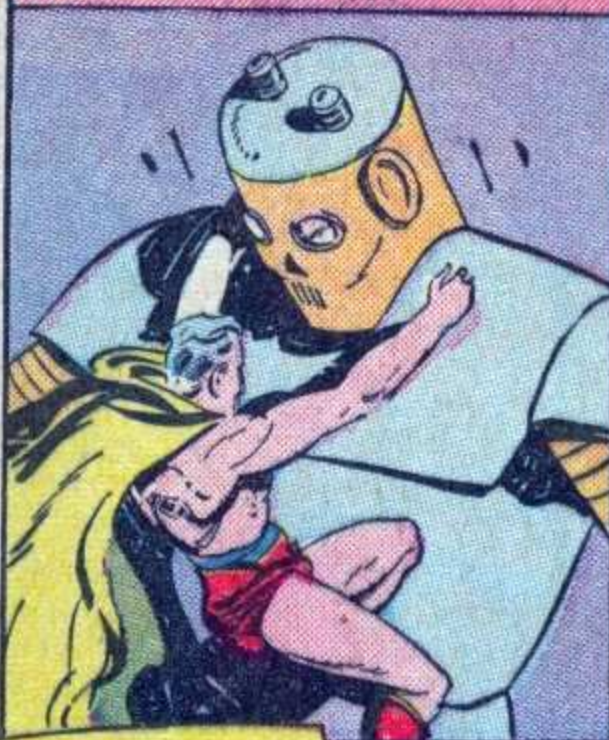
BEFORE DR. DIAMOND CAN SWING INTO ACTION, A POWERFUL BLOW FROM THE ROBOT SENDS HIM CRASHING INTO THE WALL!



WITH A MIGHTY SPRING, DR. DIAMOND LEAPS ON THE BACK OF THE METAL MAN!



BRACING HIMSELF ON THE MONSTER, HE SNAPS THE HEAD FAR BACK ON ITS SHOULDERS....



BLACK OIL POURS FROM THE ROBOT'S BODY AND LIKE A HUMAN MADMAN, IT TURNS ON DR. DIAMOND!



WITH ALL HIS STRENGTH DR. DIAMOND SPRINGS...AND CRASHES INTO THE METAL ROBOT....



WHEW! I'M GLAD THAT'S OVER WITH! AND I HOPE I NEVER RUN INTO ANY MORE OF THESE BABIES!



ALRIGHT, YOU MUGS! I'VE JUST CALLED THE POLICE. THEY'LL BE HERE IN A FEW MINUTES TO PUT YOU WHERE YOU BELONG -- BEHIND BARS!



AND AS FOR YOU, BORCIA, YOU'RE GOING TO GET THE 'CHAIR.' I'LL SEE TO THAT!



YOU MAY HAVE TRIUMPHED THIS TIME, DR. DIAMOND, BUT REMEMBER- NO PRISON CAN HOLD THE GREAT BORCIA, AND SOME DAY WE WILL MEET AGAIN!

DON'T WORRY, ELENA, THIS TURBULENT WORLD HAS SEEN WORSE MEN THAN BORCIA, MEN WHO HAVE ROBBED AND MURDERED TO ACQUIRE FAME AND POWER, BUT IT'S ALWAYS PEOPLE LIKE YOU AND MILLIONS OF OTHER GOOD CITIZENS WHO DRIVE THE FORCES OF EVIL FROM THE FACE OF THE EARTH!



I'M GLAD IT'S OVER!

FOLLOW THE THRILLING DEEDS OF DR. DIAMOND EVERY MONTH IN CATMAN COMICS.

Lucky LANDERS

WAR CORRESPONDENT

LUCKY LANDERS, AN AMERICAN NEWS REPORTER FOR THE NEW YORK DAILY, IS ASSIGNED TO COVER FLASH NEWS IN WAR-TORN EUROPE.



by
ULMER-WILLNER

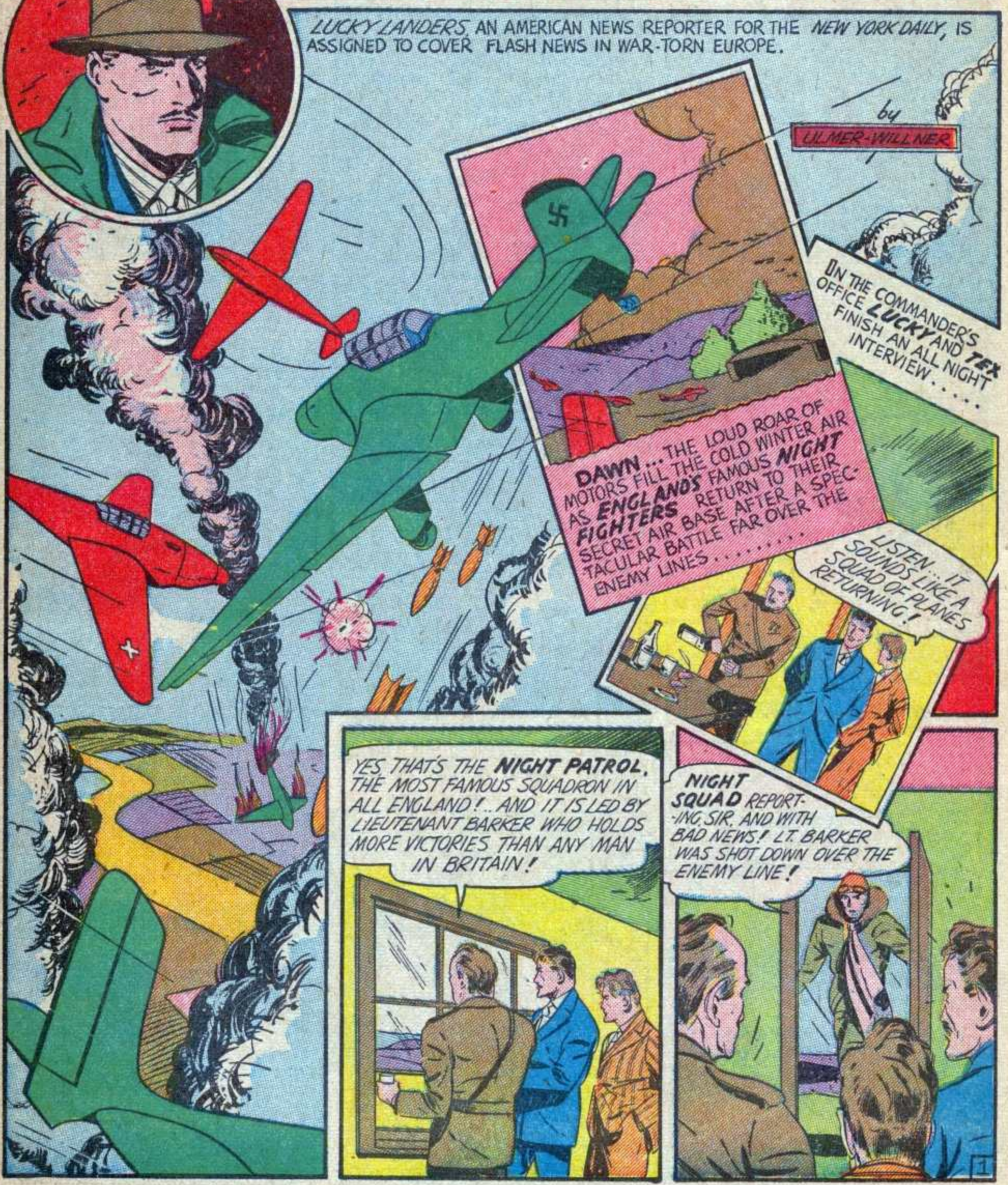
IN THE COMMANDER'S OFFICE LUCKY AND TEX FINISH AN ALL NIGHT INTERVIEW...

DAWN... THE LOUD ROAR OF MOTORS FILL THE COLD WINTER AIR AS ENGLAND'S FAMOUS NIGHT FIGHTERS RETURN TO THEIR SECRET AIR BASE AFTER A SPECTACULAR BATTLE FAR OVER THE ENEMY LINES.....

LISTEN... IT SOUNDS LIKE A SQUAD OF PLANES RETURNING!

YES THAT'S THE NIGHT PATROL, THE MOST FAMOUS SQUADRON IN ALL ENGLAND!... AND IT IS LED BY LIEUTENANT BARKER WHO HOLDS MORE VICTORIES THAN ANY MAN IN BRITAIN!

NIGHT SQUAD REPORT-ING, SIR, AND WITH BAD NEWS! LT. BARKER WAS SHOT DOWN OVER THE ENEMY LINE!



THAT IS BAD! BARKER WAS ONE OF OUR BEST MEN. IT'S TOUGH HE HAD TO GO SO SOON!

I DON'T THINK HE WENT DOWN WITH HIS PLANE SIR. I'M PRETTY SURE HE BAILED OUT BEFORE THE PLANE CRASHED.

WITH YOUR PERMISSION SIR I WOULD LIKE TO VOLUNTEER TO GO LOOK FOR BARKER!

AS MUCH AS I HATE TO SEE BARKER IN THE HANDS OF THE ENEMY, I CAN'T RISK SENDING ANYONE AFTER HIM. IT WOULD BE SUICIDE... WE'LL JUST HAVE TO HOPE AND PRAY THAT HE ESCAPES!

WELL, TEX AND I WILL HAVE TO BE GETTING BACK TO TOWN. I'M SORRY TO HEAR ABOUT BARKER, AND I WISH THERE WERE SOMETHING WE COULD DO.

YA' KNOW LUCKY I'VE BEEN THINKING HOW ABOUT YOU AND I GOING AFTER BARKER. IT WOULD BE A SWELL SCOOP IF WE COULD BRING HIM BACK!

I WAS WAITING FOR YOU TO SAY THAT, TEX... I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT THE SAME THING-- AND I THINK I KNOW HOW WE CAN GET A PLANE TO GO AFTER HIM!

AS THE TIME NEARS FOR THE TAKE-OFF THE PILOTS HURRY TO THEIR PLANES

-- BUT AS TWO BRITISH ACES PASS THE SHADOWS OF THE HANGER.....

AND THAT NIGHT THE SLEEK FIGHTING PLANES ARE AGAIN ROLLED FROM THEIR HANGARS

SORRY WE HAVE TO DO THIS, BOYS BUT YOU'LL UNDERSTAND SOME DAY!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, LUCKY AND TEX EMERGE FROM THE SHADOWS WITH THE ENGLISH FLIERS' UNIFORMS ON

HURRY, TEX, WE'D BETTER GET IN THAT PLANE BEFORE SOMEONE SUSPECTS US!



THE SIGNAL IS GIVEN AND THE FAMOUS NIGHT FLIGHT ONCE AGAIN TAKES WINGS!



YA' KNOW, TEX, I SORTA HATED TO TIE THOSE TWO PILOTS UP, BUT IT WAS THE ONLY WAY. IF BARKER IS STILL ALIVE, WE'LL BRING HIM BACK!



AN HOUR LATER HIGH OVER THE ENEMIES TERRITORY, LUCKY BANKS THE PLANE AND DIVES DOWN THROUGH THE CLOUDS--



FLYING CLOSE TO THE EARTH THEY SOON FIND A LEVEL STRETCH OF GROUND FOR LANDING!



THIS IS GOOD ENOUGH, TEX. WE'D BETTER WALK THE REST OF THE WAY, I'M PRETTY SURE THERE'S A NAZI CAMP SOMEWHERE AROUND HERE!



HEY, LUCKY, I HAVE A FUNNY FEELING THAT SOMEONE IS WATCHING US!

YEAH, IT IS KIND OF QUIET AROUND HERE, - BETTER KEEP YOUR GUN HANDY, TEX, THERE'S NO TELLING WHAT WE'LL RUN INTO!



ALL RIGHT, YOU TWO - DROP THOSE GUNS AND TURN AROUND!

WHA..?



WHAT TH! YOU FELLOWS HAVE ENGLISH SUITS ON! WHO ARE YOU?

WE'RE AMERICANS, I'M LUCKY LANDERS AND THIS IS TEX BAILEY! I --- SAY! YOU MUST BE BARKER!



WE CAME
TO SEE WHA
WHAT HAP-
PENED TO
YOU!

IT'S GOOD YOU SHOW-
ED UP WHEN YOU DID
- MY PLANE CRASHED
BUT I BAILED OUT!
THE ENEMY HAS BEEN
LOOKING FOR ME EVER
SINCE THEY KNOW I'M
STILL ALIVE!

LISTEN-I HEAR
VOICES... HOLY
SMOKES, LOOK!
IT'S THE WHOLE
NAZI ARMY!

COME ON, BARKER,
WE HAVE A PLANE
BEHIND THESE
TREES!

QUICK, BARKER, YOU TAKE
THE CONTROLS, AND TEX
CAN HANDLE THE GUNS.
I'LL HANG ON THE WING -
IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE!

MAKING EVERY SHOT COUNT LUCKY HOLDS
BACK THE SOLDIERS UNTIL THE PLANE
STARTS ROLLING ACROSS THE GROUND.

A MOMENT LATER THE SHIP ZOOMS ABOVE
THE TREES WITH LUCKY CLINGING DESPER-
ATELY ON THE WING.

SUDDENLY OUT OF THE DARKNESS ROARS
AN ENEMY SQUADRON.

HOLY
SMOKES,
NOW WE
ARE IN
TROUBLE!

BARKER WON'T BE ABLE
TO HANDLE THIS PLANE
WITH ME HANGING ON THE
WING! ... AND THOSE MUGS
ARE GAINING PRETTY FAST.

UNABLE TO TURN AND FIGHT, THE BRITISH
WAR ACE DIVES INTO THE CLOUDS.

BUT THE NAZIS FOLLOW CLOSE IN THE
REAR AND OPEN FIRE.

FOLLOWING CLOSE BEHIND, THE NAZI PLANES FIRE A STEADY STREAM OF LEAD INTO THE BRITISH FIGHTER



A MOMENT LATER BARKER SWINGS THE SHIP UP TO MEET THE ONCOMING NAZIS



REALIZING THEIR DEFEAT, THE REMAINING NAZI ATTACKERS TURN AND SPEED AWAY WITH THEIR THROTTLES WIDE OPEN--

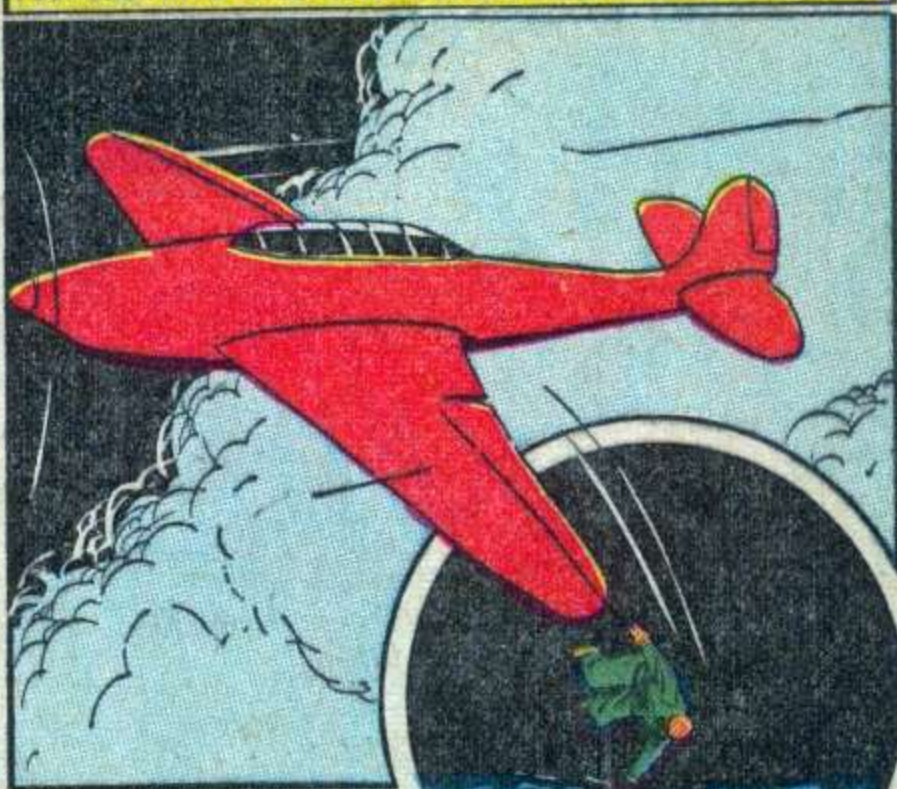
PASSING OVER THE ENGLISH CHANNEL, BARKER DIVES TO THE WATER.



POWERFUL SEARCHLIGHTS FROM THE SHORE PLAY UPON THE ENEMY PLANES AS BARKER SWOOPS DOWN UPON THEM



WAITING HIS CHANCE LUCKY DROPS FROM THE WING, AND PLUNGES INTO THE COLD WATER.



THERE'S ANOTHER ONE! HE'S TRYING TO GET AWAY!



AND BACK IN NEW YORK AT THE OFFICE OF THE DAILY STAR

THE FOLLOWING DAY AT A BRITISH BROADCASTING STATION.

... AND KNOWING THAT THERE WAS ONLY ROOM FOR TWO PASSENGERS, LUCKY LANDERS CLUNG TO THE WING WHILE MACHINE GUNS WHIZZED ALL AROUND HIM. FLYING CLOSE TO THE CHANNEL, LUCKY PLUNGED INTO THE WATER LEAVING BARKER AND TEX BAILEY FREE TO WAGE A SPECTACULAR AIR BATTLE! LANDERS WAS SAFELY RESCUED BY THE COAST GUARD PATROL!



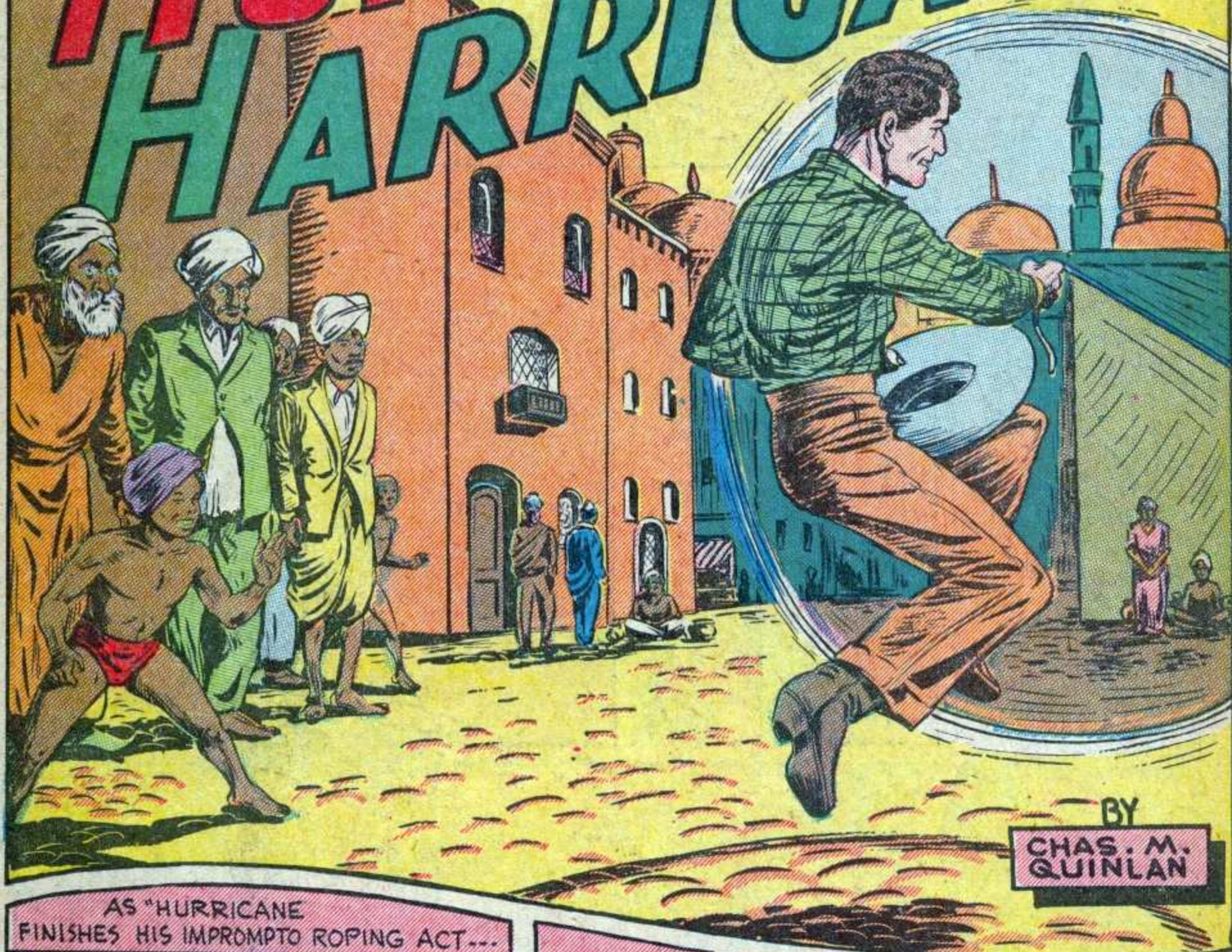
HELLO-YEH, I WANT LUCKY LANDERS IN LONDON! HELLO---LANDERS? LISTEN YOU FOOL-I WANT YOU TO STOP TRYING TO WIN THIS WAR SINGLE-HANDED! YOU'RE TOO VALUABLE-BLAH! ETC.!



FOLLOW THE ADVENTURES OF LUCKY LANDERS EACH MONTH IN CAT-MAN COMICS.

"HANK" HARRIGAN, AN AMERICAN COWBOY WITH AN INSATIABLE LOVE OF ADVENTURE IS FULFILLING HIS LIFELONG AMBITION TO VISIT THE FAR CORNERS OF THE EARTH!

"HURRICANE" HARRIGAN



BY
CHAS. M.
QUINLAN

AS "HURRICANE" FINISHES HIS IMPROMPTU ROPING ACT....

I BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT MAY I SPEAK TO YOU FOR A MOMENT?

HUH?
OH-ER-UH!
YES MAM!

A LOOK OF INTENSE SUFFERING ON THE FACE OF THE GIRL HOLDS THE COWBOY'S ATTENTION AS SHE CONTINUES

YOU ARE AN AMERICAN, WHAT YOU ARE DOING IN INDIA, I DO NOT KNOW, BUT I AM IN TERRIBLE NEED OF THE HELP OF SOMEONE, WHOM I CAN TRUST IMPLICITLY!



A FEW MINUTES LATER... HURRICANE AND THE GIRL ARE SEATED IN THE HOTEL LOUNGE

I REALIZE, EVERYTHING I TELL YOU WILL SOUND UTTERLY FANTASTIC, BUT EVERY WORD OF IT IS TRUE, EVEN MY LIFE IS IN GREAT DANGER! HERE LOOK AT THIS NOTE!



I'M AWFUL SORRY MISS SPENCE BUT I CAN'T SEEM TO MAKE HEAD OR TAIL OF THIS!



I KNEW YOU WOULDN'T UNDERSTAND, SO YOU CAN IMAGINE WHAT WOULD HAPPEN, IF I TOOK IT TO THE POLICE, THEY'D THINK I WAS CRAZY! BUT IT REALLY IS TERRIBLY SERIOUS!



MY FATHER WAS PROF. WILLIAM SPENCE, ONE OF THE FIRST ENGLISH ARCH-EOLOGISTS TO DO RESEARCH WORK IN THE REMOTE SECTIONS OF INDIA!

THAT JEWEL IN THE IDOL'S HEAD PROF. SPENCE, DID YOU NOTICE IT?

INDEED I DID GEORGE, IT MUST BE WORTH A KING'S RANSOM!



WELL PROFESSOR, TO-NIGHT I'M GOING BACK TO GET THAT GEM!

WHAT!



"MY FATHER TRIED TO PERSUADE HIM AGAINST TAKING IT!"

GEORGE! WHAT ARE YOU SAYING? DON'T BE A FOOL! THE NATIVES WOULD TRACK YOU DOWN AND KILL YOU!... BE-SIDES I WOULD BE IMPLICATED, NO! I WON'T PERMIT IT!



ALRIGHT, ALRIGHT, YOU WIN. HAVE IT YOUR WAY, I'LL FORGET THE WHOLE THING!



"THE NEXT DAY, THEY BROKE CAMP AND HEADED BACK TO CIVILIZATION...."



"SOON AFTER ARRIVING MY FATHER'S ASSOCIATE BECAME MORTALLY ILL!"



"AFTER THE BURIAL OF GEORGE, MY FATHER RETURNED TO ENGLAND."



TEN YEARS PASSED SWIFTLY BY!



"ONE DAY WHILE RUMMAGING THROUGH THE DEAD MAN'S BELONGINGS"



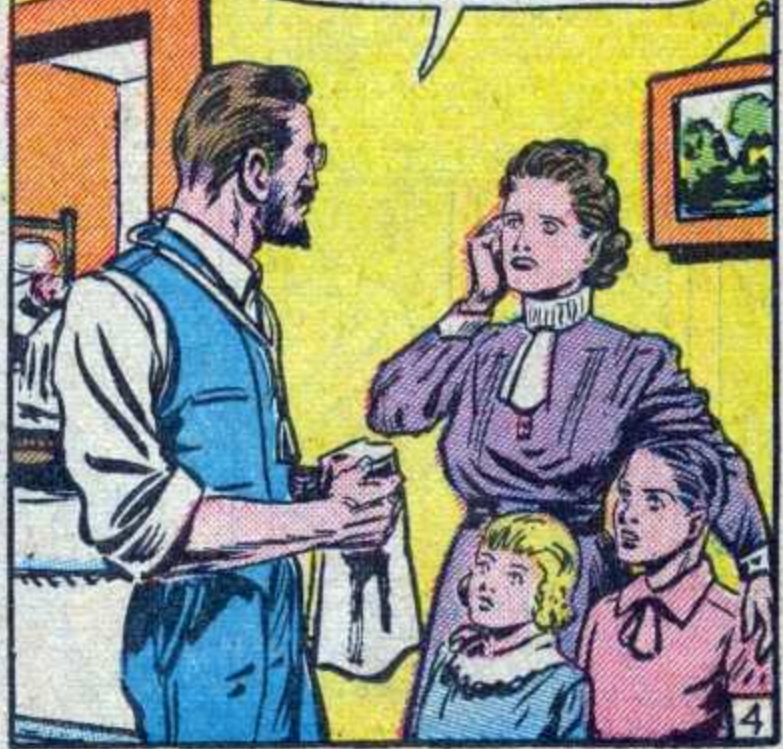
"REPLACING THE JEWEL INTO THE BAG, HE RUSHED DOWNSTAIRS TO TELL MOTHER OF HIS DISCOVERY!"



"SUDDENLY! HE TRIPPED AND FELL!"



"HE'S PARALYZED MRS. SPENCE, I'M SORRY, I DID ALL I COULD, BUT I FEAR YOUR HUSBAND WILL NEVER WALK AGAIN!"



"LAST YEAR MY FATHER DIED!, MY BROTHER WILLIAM AND I WERE AT HIS BEDSIDE"

UPSTAIRS IN GEORGES KNAPSACK-- THE SACRED JEWEL OF THE TEMPLE OF KIRANI! BRING IT BACK! THIS MAP WILL GUIDE YOU DONT TOUCH THE ACCURSED STONE, BAD LUCK WILL FOLLOW



"... BUT A SERVANT NAMED VERON OVERHEARD HIM

ABOVE ALL, TELL NO ONE, TRUST NO ONE THE JEWEL IS WORTH MILLIONS!



"SOON AFTERWARD MOTHER DIED OF GRIEF"

TURN IT OVER TO THE POLICE! IT HAS BROUGHT ONLY MISFORTUNE FIRST GEORGE, THEN FATHER NOW MOTHER TOO!

IT WAS FATHER'S DYING WISH THAT WE RETURN IT OURSELVES, AND WERE GOING TO DO IT! WE ARE LEAVING FOR INDIA AT ONCE!



SINCE THEN, VERON HAS MADE SEVERAL ATTEMPTS TO STEAL THE STONE! TWO DAYS AGO, MY BROTHER DISAPPEARED AND THIS NOTE MEANS HE HAS KIDNAPPED WILLIAM AND INTENDS TO KILL HIM UNLESS I GIVE HIM THE JEWEL!



MEANWHILE "SKEEBO" WHO HAS BEEN WANDERING AROUND IN THE LOBBY, NOTICES A MAN EAGERLY LISTENING- IN ON THE GIRL'S STORY.

HMM! THAT FELLA SEEMS TO BE KINDA NOSEY!



CAUTIOUSLY THE MAN RISES AND HASTENS OUT THROUGH A SIDE DOOR, WHERE HE MEETS ANOTHER MAN!..THEY WHISPER EXCITEDLY, THEN WALK RAPIDLY AWAY!



"SKEEBO" FOLLOWS THEM!

THEY STOP AT A DINGY LOOKING HOUSE, LOOK QUICKLY ABOUT, THEN HURRY INSIDE!... THE LITTLE HINDU SLIPS IN AFTER THEM!

SOMETHING IS UP I BETCHA!



STOPPING NEAR A PARTLY OPEN DOOR, HE LISTENS INTENTLY TO THE VOICES COMING FROM WITHIN!

SHE IS VERY MUCH WORRIED SAHIB VERON! WE DO NOT HAVE LONG TO WAIT FOR THE JEWEL NOW! SHE IS AWARE THAT UNLESS SHE SURRENDERS IT AT ONCE WE KILL HER BROTHER!



HE PEEKS THROUGH THE SLIGHT OPENING AND WHAT HE SEES, SENDS HIM TEARING DOWN THE STREET TOWARDS THE HOTEL

OH BOY! OH BOY!... MUST TELL SAHIB "HURRICANE" QUICK!



SAHIB! SAHIB "HURRICANE", COME QUICK! A MAN WAS LISTENING TO HER TALK! HE WENT OUTSIDE AND I FOLLOWED HIM! THEY GOT A WHITE SAHIB TIED UP, AND THEY'RE GOING TO KILL HIM IF SHE DONT GIVE THEM A JEWEL!



THE NATIVES STARE IN AMAZEMENT AS THE ODD PAIR DASH TO THE RESCUE!

HERE IS THE HOUSE SAHIB!



WITHOUT HESITATION "HURRICANE" SMASHES IN!

QUICK "SKEEBO" FREE THE SAHIB!



"SKEEBO" CUTS THE PRISONER LOOSE AS "HURRICANE" BATTLES!

DANCE TO THIS MUSIC CHUM, IT'S REAL AMERICAN SWING!



THE TREACHEROUS VERON MAKES AN ATTEMPT TO ESCAPE!

OH NO YOU DONT WISE GUY, I WANT YOU TOO!



THE SIGHT OF "HURRICANE" AND "SKEEBO" DASHING TO THE RESCUE AND THE SUBSEQUENT NOISE OF THE FIGHTING, ATTRACTS THE NATIVE POLICE

STAND WHERE YOU ARE! WHAT GOES ON HERE?



EXPLANATIONS ARE MADE, THE CRIMINALS ARE ARRESTED AND THE JEWEL IS RETURNED

WHEN YOU REPLACED THE JEWEL IN THE IDOL'S HEAD "HURRICANE", IT ACTUALLY SEEMED TO SMILE!

WELL MAYBE IT DID, WHO KNOWS?



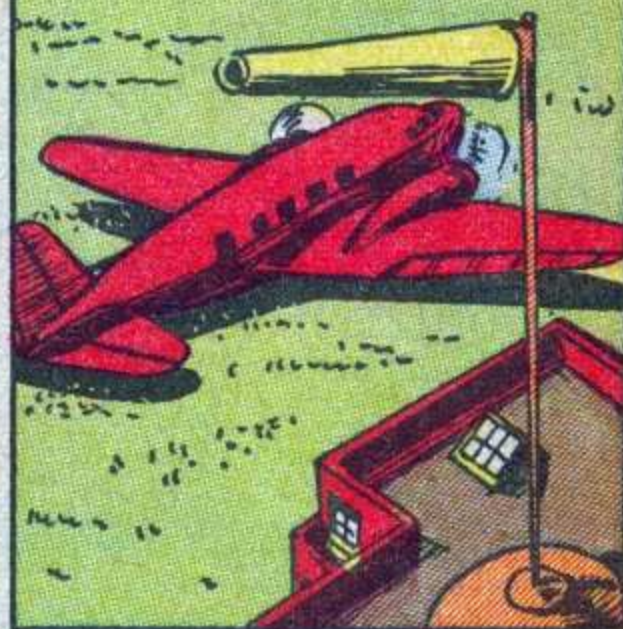
DONT MISS THE THRILLINGLY UNUSUAL ADVENTURE OF "HURRICANE" HARRIGAN in the next CATMAN COMICS

The DEACON

FROM A SECRET HIDEOUT
IN THE MARSHLAND CHURCH
THE DEACON AND HIS YOUNG
COMPANION MICKEY CONTINUE
THEIR NEVER ENDING WAR
AGAINST CRIME !!!



AT THE
AIRPORT
IN WASHING-
TON, A HUGE
TRANSPORT PLANE
LANDS TO REFUEL.



AMONG THE PASSENGERS DISEM-
BARKING IS J. REYNOLDS KREELY,
FINANCIER.



AN HOUR LATER THE SHINING PLANE, ONCE AGAIN TAKES TO THE AIR, BOUND FOR NEW YORK



OH, MISS HERES A BRIEF CASE I FOUND UNDER THIS SEAT SOMEONE MUST HAVE LOST IT... IT HAS INITIALS J.R.K. ON IT!



IT MUST BELONG TO MR. KREELY HE GOT OFF AT WASHINGTON... WE'LL HAVE TO GET IN TOUCH WITH HIM WHEN WE REACH NEW YORK!



AS THE SUN SINKS BELOW THE HORIZON THE GREAT PLANE DRAWS NEARER AND NEARER THE GREAT METROPOLIS



SUDDENLY WITHOUT WARNING, THERE IS A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION!



AND A FEW SECONDS LATER THE FLAMING WRECKAGE CRASHES TO THE GROUND



THE FOLLOWING DAY THE TRAGIC STORY IS TOLD THROUGH OUT THE COUNTRY.



???

ALTHOUGH INVESTIGATORS ARE ASSIGNED TO THE CASE, THEY CAN FIND NO EXPLANATION AS TO THE CAUSE OF THE EXPLOSION!

???



A WEEK LATER TWO MORE AIRLINERS ARE BLOWN TO BITS...



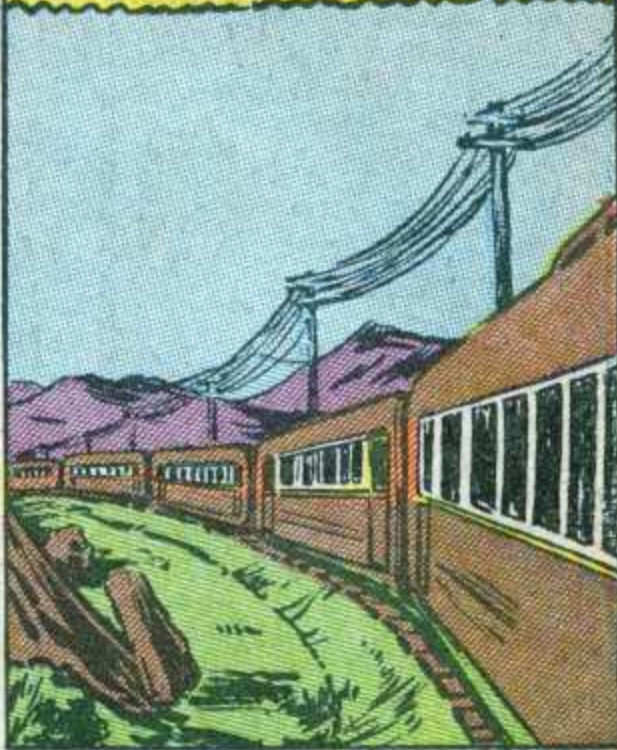
THEN A FEW DAYS LATER A SLEEK STREAMLINED TRAIN ROLLS TOWARDS NEW ORLEANS — — —



AT THE SMALL TOWN OF MILLSVILLE A SINGLE PASSENGER J. REYNOLDS KREELY LEAVES THE TRAIN. — — —



AND SHORTLY, THE STREAMLINER IS ONCE AGAIN SPEEDING ACROSS THE COUNTRY!



AS IT ROLLS ACROSS A HIGH BRIDGE, A TERRIFIC EXPLOSION HURLS THE ENTIRE TRAIN INTO THE AIR!



THE FOLLOWING DAY AT THE MARSHLAND CHURCH, SECRET HIDEOUT OF THE DEACON



THIS EXPLOSION ISN'T ACCIDENTAL, MICKEY—THERE'S SOMEONE CONNECTED WITH IT... J. REYNOLDS KREELY LEAVING THE TRAIN BEFORE THE EXPLOSION POINTS A FINGER OF SUSPICION AT HIM!



THE PLANE EXPLOSIONS ALL POINT THAT WAY TOO... COME ON, MICKEY, WE GO NOW TO SEE MR. KREELY!



REACHING MILLSVILLE, THE DEACON AND MICKEY INQUIRE AT HOTELS FOR KREELY.

YOU SAY THERE WAS A MR. KREELY AT THIS HOTEL?

YES SIR, HE JUST CHECKED OUT. HE IS LEAVING ON THE NEXT TRAIN FOR NEW YORK.



LET'S GO MICKEY. WE MUST CATCH THAT TRAIN BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE!



JUST AS THE TRAIN PULLS OUT OF THE STATION, MICKEY AND THE DEACON LEAP ONTO THE OBSERVATION CAR.





SUDDENLY ONE OF THE GUNMEN LEAPS TO HIS FEET
DRAWS A BEAD ON KREELY AND FIRES!



A SECOND TOO LATE THE DEACON DIVES AT THE KILLER AND SENDS HIM SPRAWLING TO THE GROUND.

YOU RAT! - SHOOTING A HELPLESS OLD MAN!!



MR. KREELY, ARE YOU--

IT'S TOO LATE, MY BOY, BUT-- BUT IT'S BETTER THIS WAY-- I WANT TO TELL YOU SOMETHING QUICK!



THOSE MEN, THEY FORCED ME TO DO THIS. I WAS UNDER A SPELL
----YOU'VE GOT TO STOP THAT TRAIN--
--THERE ARE HIGH EXPLOSIVE BOMBS PLANTED IN MY BRIEF CASE
1--1-- 0000



HE'S DEAD, MICKEY! POOR FELLOW--- YES-- IT'S BETTER THAT WAY.



BUT NOW! TO CATCH THAT TRAIN - A PLANE IS THE ONLY ANSWER!



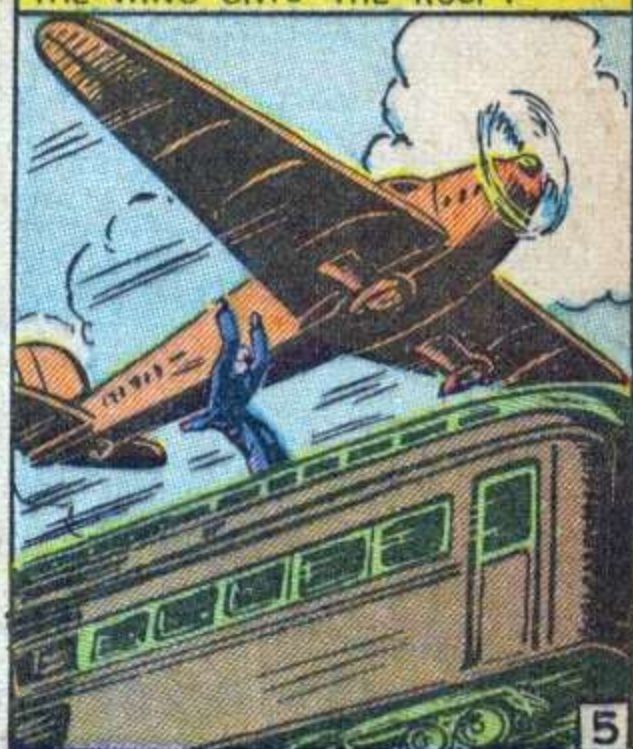
SOON A SMALL FAST PLANE ROARS INTO THE AIR.



WITH THE THROTTLE WIDE OPEN, THE SMALL SHIP SOON OVERTAKES THE STREAMLINE TRAIN.



AS THE PLANE ZOOMS OVER THE TRAIN, THE DEACON DROPS FROM THE WING ONTO THE ROOF!



AT THE AIRPORT THE DEACON HAS NO TROUBLE FINDING SOME ONE WHO WILL HELP HIM TO SAVE THE LIVES OF HUNDREDS OF PASSENGERS ABOARD THE DOOMED TRAIN

CRAWLING ALONG THE CARS HE FINALLY SWINGS HIMSELF DOWN THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW!



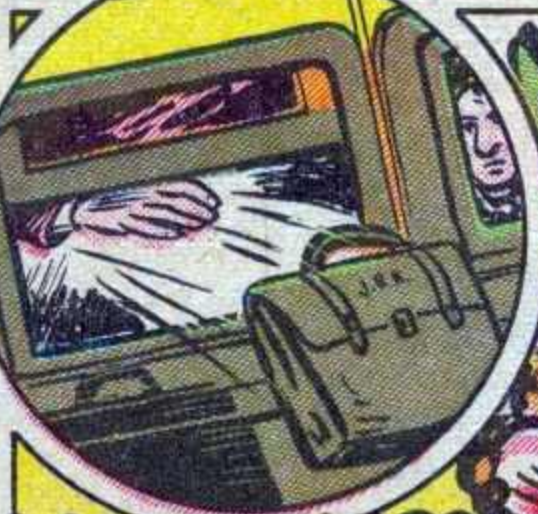
SORRY TO BARGE IN ON YOU THIS WAY FOLKS, BUT YOUR LIVES ARE IN GREAT DANGER!



NOW THAT I'M HERE I'VE GOT TO FIND THE SEAT THAT KREELY WAS SITTING IN!



HOLY SMOKES !!!-- THERE IT IS ON THE SEAT!-- QUICK, SOMEONE OPEN A WINDOW!! THERE'S HIGH EXPLOSIVES IN THIS CASE!



THE DEACON HURLS THE BRIEF CASE OUT THE WINDOW, AND A MINUTE LATER THE ENTIRE HILL-SIDE IS BLASTED AWAY!



THE FOLLOWING DAY -



AND AT THE MARSHLAND CHURCH HOME OF THE DEACON



GEE, MR. DEACON, YOU WERE SWELL SAVING ALL THOSE PEOPLES LIVES! - IT WAS JUST LIKE IN THE MOVIES! - BOY WAIT'LL I GET BIG, I'M GOING TO BE A HERO TOO!



YOU ARE A HERO MICKEY AND SO IS EVERY AMERICAN WHO HELPS UNCLE SAM COMBAT THE FORCES OF EVIL THAT PLOT AGAINST THE ONE PLACE WHERE PERSONAL LIBERTY STILL EXISTS - AMERICA !!



The "DEACON" WILL THRILL YOU AGAIN! in the next "CAT-MAN" COMICS!

LANCE RAND



THE
"STONE POINT"
MURDERS

HIGH UP ON WIND
SWEEP "STONE POINT"
MOUNTAIN IN THE
ANCIENT MANOR OF
BYRON NELSON,
STRANGE THINGS ARE
HAPPENING...

THE GUESTS OF
THE PARTY ARE MYST-
ERIOUSLY AND VIOLENTLY
MEETING DEATH. ONE
BY ONE!!!



DON'T PLEASE!
YAAAAA...



UGH!



THE SAFE IS BLOWN OPEN AND NELSON'S FAMOUS KALAKA EMERALD IS STOLEN !!!



HELLO OPERATOR... THIS IS BYRON NELSON... GET ME THE POLICE!
HELLO! HELLO! HELLO!!!



OUTSIDE THE BUILDING!



LANCE RAND AND TUBBY ARE ON THEIR WAY TO "STONE POINT" MOUNTAIN UNAWARE OF THE MYSTERIOUS CHAIN OF HORRIBLE EVENTS OCCURRING AT THEIR DESTINATION!

I DON'T SEE WHY WE HAVE TO BE THERE

BECAUSE OLD MAN NELSON IS PAYING US TO KEEP AN EYE ON HIS EMERALD, APPARENTLY HE DOESN'T TRUST HIS GUESTS



THE LIGHTS ARE ON BUT GEE, IT'S AWFULLY QUIET...



YEAH! LIKE A MORGUE, LET'S GO HOME!

RAND! THANK HEAVEN! I THOUGHT YOU'D NEVER SHOW UP!

WHAT'S THE MATTER ANYTHING WRONG?



TWO PEOPLE MURDERED, MY EMERALD STOLEN AND YOU ASK ME IS ANYTHING WRONG!!!



JUST RELAX NELSON, I'LL TAKE CHARGE... TUBBY GRAB THE CAR AND HEAD INTO TOWN FOR THE COPS... THE REST OF YOU STAY WHERE YOU ARE AND DON'T LEAVE THIS ROOM!



SUDDENLY THERE IS THE CRASH OF SHATTERING GLASS, A SHOT AND ANOTHER GUEST SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR... DEAD!!!



RECKLESSLY LANCE DIVES THRU THE WINDOW RIGHT ON THE HEELS OF THE MURDERER...



CRAFTILY ELUDING LANCE, THE FIGURE LIFTS A SUN-DIAL AND HASTILY DISAPPEARS INTO A HOLE BENEATH ITS BASE!!!



FOOLS!
HA HA HA



THAT GUY RAND IS THERE HE ALMOST GOT ME IN THE GARDEN... WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?



SHUT UP! I'LL HANDLE HIM IN MY OWN WAY, IN THE MEANTIME I THINK IT WOULD BE A GOOD IDEA TO PAY NELSON AND HIS GUESTS ANOTHER VISIT!










DEVIL DOGS

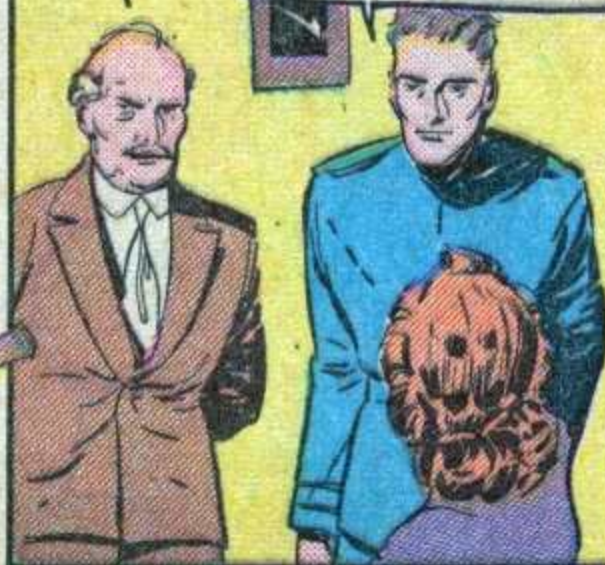


AND THIS SGT. TANNER IS MY DAUGHTER MARGO. SHE'S THE ONE WHO REALLY INSISTED THAT YOU SPEND YOUR LEAVE ON THE PLANTATION!

IF YOU WOULD LIKE I'LL SHOW YOU AROUND THE CAMP SGT. FATHER HAS QUITE A BIT OF BUSINESS TO ATTEND TO AND I'M SURE HE WOULDN'T MIND.

I'M GLAD YOU CAME SGT. I HAVE SOMETHING VERY IMPORTANT TO TELL YOU. I'M SURE YOU'RE THE ONLY PERSON WHO CAN HELP ME!

AFTER SMASHING A PLOT TO DESTROY A CHINESE SUPPLY TRAIN... SGT. BILL TANNER AND CORP. WALLY WHITE OF THE U.S. MARINES ARE GRANTED A LEAVE OF ABSENCE... SGT. TANNER IS INVITED TO SPEND A FEW DAYS WITH DR. CROSBY ON HIS TEAK PLANTATION FAR UP THE CHINDWAN RIVER... CORP. WHITE PLANS TO JOIN HIS FRIEND THE FOLLOWING DAY....



FATHER IS IN TERRIBLE DANGER!
HIS LIFE HAS BEEN THREAT-
ENED FOUR TIMES AND ONLY
LAST WEEK HE RECEIVED
THIS NOTE --- HERE
READ IT. I'M SURE
WHOEVER SENT IT
MEANS BUSINESS

THIS IS YOUR
FINAL WARNING
DR. CROSBY!
IF YOU DO NOT
LEAVE THE PLANTATION
BEFORE THE NEXT FULL
MOON, YIN TSE
WILL STRIKE HIS
FATAL BLOW !!!

HMM--- THIS IS
SERIOUS--IT'S VERY
CLEAR THAT SOME-
ONE WANTS YOUR
FATHER TO LEAVE
THIS PLANTATION!

HEY! THAT'S
SHOOTING!

IT SOUNDED
AS IF IT CAME
FROM THE HOUSE
--- OH! MAYBE
FATHER IS IN TROUBLE

COME ON
MARGO!--WE'D
BETTER HURRY!

SERGEANT!
THEY'VE
GOT FATHER!

YOU BETTER
STAY HERE
MARGO--
AND IN CASE
ANYTHING
HAPPENS, SEND
A RUNNER TO
RANGOON FOR
HELP!

DASHING ACROSS THE CLEARING,
BILL LEAPS AT THE NATIVES

WITH FISTS FLYING, HE KNOCKS
THE ABDUCTORS SPRAWLING ON
THE GROUND



WOW! IT'S ABOUT TIME THOSE GUYS HAD ENOUGH--I'M PLAYED OUT MYSELF!

BILL--BILL--IS---IS--HE--



NO-- HE'LL BE ALL RIGHT MARGO, BUT HE HAS A NASTY HEAD WOUND!!



AFTER GAINING CONSCIOUSNESS DR. CROSBY TELLS MARGO AND BILL OF THE ATTACK--

..AND I FIRED THAT SHOT HOPING THAT YOU WOULD HEAR IT!...I TELL YOU TANNER, THIS YIN TSE IS DANGEROUS. HE WANTS ME TO LEAVE THIS PLANTATION, BUT I'VE GOT A FORTUNE TIED UP HERE AND BY JUPITER I'M STAYING!

THAT NIGHT AFTER POSTING A GUARD WITH DR. CROSBY SGT. TANNER DECIDES TO LOOK OVER CAMP THREE----



..AS THE MOON PASSES BEHIND THE CLOUDS, DARK FIGURES LEAP FROM THE SHADOWS SENSING DANGER BILL WHIRLS---- BUT TOO LATE TO AVOID A CRUSHING BLOW



A MOMENT LATER THE MARINE IS CARRIED OFF INTO THE JUNGLE ..



AN HOUR LATER WHEN BILL AWAKENS

HEY, WHAT IS THIS!----AND WHO THE DEVIL ARE YOU?!

AH, I SEE THE GALLANT MARINE HAS AT LAST RECOVERED!



I AM YIN TSE. MY FATHER AND HIS FATHER WERE ONCE OWNERS OF THIS TEAK FOREST...AND NOW DR. CROSBY HAS BOUGHT IT TO DESTROY THE BEAUTIFUL TREES THAT MY ANCIENT ANCESTORS HAVE SO LONG PRESERVED!



I VOWED THAT NO ONE WOULD EVER DESTROY ITS BEAUTY!-- AND AS FOR YOU SGT. TANNER, FOR MEDDLING IN MY AFFAIRS, YOU DIE!SANGU--TAKE HIM TO THE PIT!

BILL IS
TAKEN TO A
SMALL ROOM.
STRIPPED TO
THE WAIST,
AND STRUNG
TO A RAFTER



SUDDENLY, A
TRAP DOOR IS
RELEASED ...
LEAVING THE
MARINE SUS-
PENDED IN
MID-AIR



AS HE STARES DOWN INTO THE
PIT, COLD PERSPIRATION ROLLS
FROM HIS FACE ... GRITTING HIS
TEETH, HE PREPARES HIMSELF
FOR A HORRIBLE DEATH



... FAR BELOW
HIM, IN A HUGE
PIT --- DEADLY
COBRAS SWAY
SLOWLY --- READY
TO STRIKE !!



GLANCING ABOVE, BILL NOTICES THE
TORTURE PROVIDED FOR HIM --- THE
THIN ROPE IS SLOWLY UNRAVELING !



FIGHTING DESPERATELY
HE TRIES IN VAIN TO
FREE HIMSELF -----



BUT THE MORE SERGEANT TANNER
STRUGGLES, THE FASTER THE ROPE
UNWINDS ...



SUDDENLY THE DOOR LEADING INTO THE
ROOM CRASHES OPEN --- AND AS BILL
SWINGS HIS BODY AROUND, THE ROPE
SNAPS -----



--- AND NOT A SECOND TOO SOON ---
HE IS TACKLED AND THROWN CLEAR OF
THE PIT ---



THANKS PAL, I ---- WHY WALLY!
HOW IN TARNATION DID
YOU GET HERE?



WELL TO BEGIN WITH OUR
LEAVE OF ABSENCE HAS BEEN
CANCELLED -- THE COLONEL
SENT ME TO BRING YOU BACK.
WE HAVE A SPECIAL ASSIGN-
MENT THAT MUST BE STARTED
IN THE MORNING!



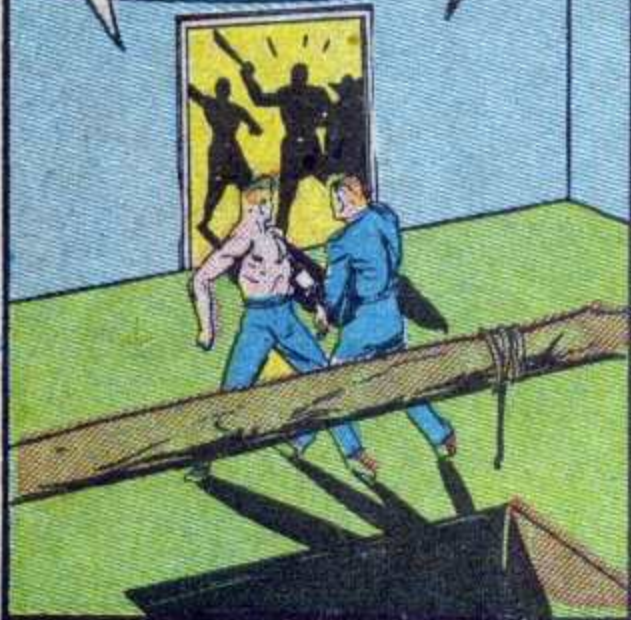
BUT HOW
DID YOU
FIND ME?

EASY CHUM, I'M
COMING TO THAT ---
I JUST HAPPENED
TO BE PASSING CAMP
THREE WHEN I SAW
THOSE GUYS JUMP ON
YOU! I FIGURED THE
BEST THING TO DO WAS
TO FOLLOW THEM



GOSH! YOU MADE
IT JUST IN TIME!
IN ANOTHER SECOND
I WOULD HAVE BEEN
MEAT FOR THE
COBRAS-BRRRR!

HOLD IT
BILL - WE'RE
NOT OUT OF
HERE YET!
LOOK!!



WELL AT LEAST WE
CAN PUT UP A GOOD
FIGHT! --- C'MON
WALLY! ----



HEY! THERE GOES
YIN TSE, HE'S
GETTING
AWAY!



COME ON
WALLY, HE'S
THE MUG
WE WANT!

HE'S GONE!
--- OH, WELL, WE
BETTER BE GETTING
BACK TO THE
PLANTATION!

COMING
BILL!

WHAM!



HEY LISTEN!
WHAT'S THAT
NOISE ----
IT SOUNDS
LIKE THUNDER

YEAH, IT SEEMS
LIKE IT'S GET-
TING LOUDER ---
I'M GOING UP
THIS TREE
AND HAVE A
LOOK!



HOLY SMOKES! -- AN ELEPHANT STAMPEDE! WALLY--COME OUT OF THAT CLEARING, QUICK!



AS THE MAMMOTH BEASTS CHARGE AT WALLY, HE RUNS FOR HIS LIFE!



BUT SUDDENLY HE TRIPS AND GOES SPRAWLING TO THE GROUND



AT THAT MOMENT BILL SWINGS FROM THE TREE ---LIFTING WALLY OFF THE GROUND ---



--- AND CARRIES HIM UP ONTO A HUGE BRANCH ACROSS THE CLEARING ---



WHEW! I WANT TO SHAKE YOUR HAND ON THAT TRICK BILL! FORGET IT WALLY, YOU DID THE SAME FOR ME!



LOOK BILL! IT'S YIN TSE--HE DIDN'T MAKE IT--HE'LL BE CRUSHED IN THAT STAMPEDE!



WELL, WALLY, THAT'S THE END OF YIN TSE. HE PROBABLY STAMPEDED THE HERD AND WAS CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP!



LATER - BACK AT THE PLANTATION



OH SERGEANT TANNER --YOU'RE WONDERFUL --HOLD ME, DARLING --PLEASE HOLD ME TIGHT!

HEY! HOW ABOUT ME!

FOLLOW THE EXPLOITS OF The DEVIL DOGS IN THE CAT-MAN COMICS

HE SOLVED THE RIDDLE OF THE AGES



THE DISCOVERY OF MEANS FOR CONVERTING MAGNETIC INTO ELECTRIC ENERGY BY MICHAEL FARADAY IN 1831 IS PERHAPS THE GREATEST CONTRIBUTION TO LIFE BY MAN.

BORN 1791 - DIED 1867.



OTTO VON GUERICKE

BORN 1602

MADE THE FIRST ELECTRIC GENERATOR - A BALL OF SULPHUR ROTATING UNDER FRICTION.

VON KLEIST

1745

MADE THE LEYDEN JAR TO STORE GUERICKE ELECTRICITY.

VOLTA

1775

DISCOVERED CHEMICAL MEANS FOR GENERATING ELECTRICAL ENERGY.

HUMPHRY DAVY

1820

MAGNETIZED AN IRON BAR BY PASSING CURRENT THROUGH WIRE WOUND AROUND THE BAR.

THE GOLDEN CHAIN

From the loadstone and mariners compass to Niagara's giant generators is a long stretch of time, and a world of doing; much like bridging the centuries. The ancients puzzled over the strange behavior of the needle in the compass, yet centuries passed awaiting the explanation. Gilbert (who died 1603) after much study expressed an opinion that it was due to the earth's magnetism. About twenty years later von Guericke built a machine which generated frictional magnetism; but several centuries were again to pass before the coming of Faraday who in 1831 discovered the means for using this force, giving us The Key to our Modern Electric Age.

The blooming of a rose with all its fragrance and beauty is not one bit more thrilling than the story of this child of poverty and his flowering into manhood. His father, a blacksmith, sent him out to the world at 13 years. Michael found a job with a kindly bookbinder, serving him as an errand boy for one year. His attention and appreciation was so marked, the bookbinder offered to teach him the trade; requiring seven years apprenticeship. Michael jumped at the opportunity.

The years passed quickly, for here he found companionship and thrills in the books on which he worked. One in particular fired his imagination as nothing had before, this book, "The Mind," by Watts, gave him understanding of the IMPORTANCE OF BRAINS, and prepared him for the study of this strange force, (Faraday's great decision made after reading an article on electricity).

Later there came into the shop another, which taught him the importance of LEARNING BY DOING, this volume, "Experimental Chemistry," put him definitely on his course in life.

When watching his father by the light of the forge as he hammered that soft glowing metal there on the anvil into a thing of service, Michael must have sensed that life is what we make of it. He was no makeshift mechanic; he never forgot the sturdy, prideful strokes of his father at the anvil; 100% purpose in the doing of things; behind each stroke the best he could give it.

Michael was known in all England for his skill as a BOOKBINDER, but later he was to be known to all the world for his matchless skill as EXPERIMENTER. He followed his trade as a journeyman about two years, when he could no longer resist his yearning to become better acquainted with the mysteries of science and then started his second apprenticeship as laboratory assistant to Sir Humphrey Davy. Here, Michael rubbed elbows with many of England's scientific bigwigs; history records that he showed a brilliancy not less than the greatest of these and later proved himself greater with his discovery in 1831 of ELECTRO MAGNETIC INDUCTION made possible by CAUSING A CONDUCTOR TO MOVE IN A MAGNETIC FIELD SO AS TO CUT MAGNETIC LINES OF FORCE—Man's greatest gift to life; THE ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER GENERATOR, as used throughout the world.

“FARADAY IN 1822”

THINKING OF DAVY'S EXPERIMENT, DECIDED IT SHOULD BE POSSIBLE TO CONVERT MAGNETIC INTO ELECTRIC ENERGY AND IN 1831 DISCOVERED THIS IMPORTANT PRINCIPLE

PATROLMAN WATSON



Soho at 2 A.M. is deserted. A high moon in a blackout adds little relief to its typically sombre atmosphere, BUT IT'S FLYING TIME FOR THE "HEINES." James Watson patrolling his beat, was brought to the alert by a flashing light—shot into the blue of night from a fifth story window of a building in the next block, now gone dark. The "London Bobby" is nothing if not tolerant, but that flash ruffled officer Watson's grain. Every "Bobby" is familiar with the "My Home is My Castle" gag, and he respects it and all that, but a feller has to use his noodle in wartime; anyway this Home gag was an old thing and should be buried until they wipe out Hitler. The series of incidents set in motion by that flashing light should convince you that Watson is both tolerant and competent.

People in the Soho district go in and out of buildings at all hours; but to enter one on such an invite Watson says is not cricket. All of half an hour had passed before the patrolman concealed in a nearby doorway called out—"Say, Buddy, just a moment, please," (his companion had already entered the building). Watson was not a bit surprised to have a gun shoved under his nose or at the question hurled at him, "And who would be asking, please?"—fighting words under the circumstance, you must admit, and which were met by a "hay-maker," that sent the lad sprawling cold to the world; the patrolman tolerantly picked him up, giving him a couple of convincing smackers before he realized the chap was out.

Now don't get the wrong idea about Watson; he was none of your shoot 'em first and argue afterwards guys, but there's nothing in Scotland Yard's manual that requires its men to take bullets as proof of their tolerance. On the surface Watson was as calm as the waters on a summer's lake; but down under, plenty of tough fibre always on call. He didn't pick the lad up to apologize by way of a kiss, the two kissers were to make certain the lad was on his side of the argument. Scotland Yard demands efficiency. He took the short cut to insure his point and to make easy the search for evidence as a warrant of entry; for Watson felt certain there was some connection between that flash and the two prowlers, and he was anxious to find the proof.

An officer of the law is many times in the position of both judge and jury; out of such things the men won promotion—Watson was thorough, he found evidence of a dangerous plot before he slipped the bracelets on. Alone at 2 o'clock in the morning and called upon for action in split seconds timing, Watson rose to Scotland Yard's tradition of "Get Your Man." Rushing into the building, ready for bare hand work, but determined, he headed for the fifth floor and anything between. At least one man would not plant bombs in another part of the city whilst this end was under fire; he'd choke the plot at its source, PERHAPS CAPTURE THE GANG, with this last thought Watson paused midway in his flight up the stairs. "CAPTURE THE GANG," yes, that was the idea, return to the entrance, there he held the vantage point.

The building had recently been converted into a warehouse for Government Stores; fortunately Watson knew the layout, floor by floor, that knowledge counted as odds in the challenge he was facing, that and his contempt for the crooked lop eared, white livered, night watchman, Flanders, who clearly was in the conspiracy. Hurrying to the control room, he pulled the power switch which caused the elevator line to go dead, which in turn tripped the magno-motor into service, closing fast, all doors and windows in the building and locking the steel shutters to the roof stairway. Then lifting the phone, he found as he feared the wires had been cut. In the middle of his search for possible time bombs, the din of an air raid alarm sounded its warning note to a sleepy London, with it the three rats he had trapped came scurrying down the stairway in a mad effort at escape.

Scotland Yard expects its men to do things bare handed when possible, wherefore, the title, "THE CITY'S BRAVE," this requires head work. Patrolman Watson was nobody's dummy in fact he was a bit of a tactician. The path for

escape to the rats looked inviting and as certain as the air raid alarm as they speeded down the last flight of stairs, for Watson had deserted the scene. Flanders in the lead as he cleared the last step had acquired a momentum which measured in pounds weight should tear the front door from its hinges, and probably would have but for Watson's neatly stretched wire which took him by the leg bringing him down with a thud, a helpless cushion for the rat that had been running virtual lockstep with him down the stairs. Both lay senseless as Watson came out of his corner to meet the third. Even a rat will fight for his life; realizing the trap too late for any other course, he made a jump from a point some distance above, in landing he carried Watson to the floor battling for a hold.

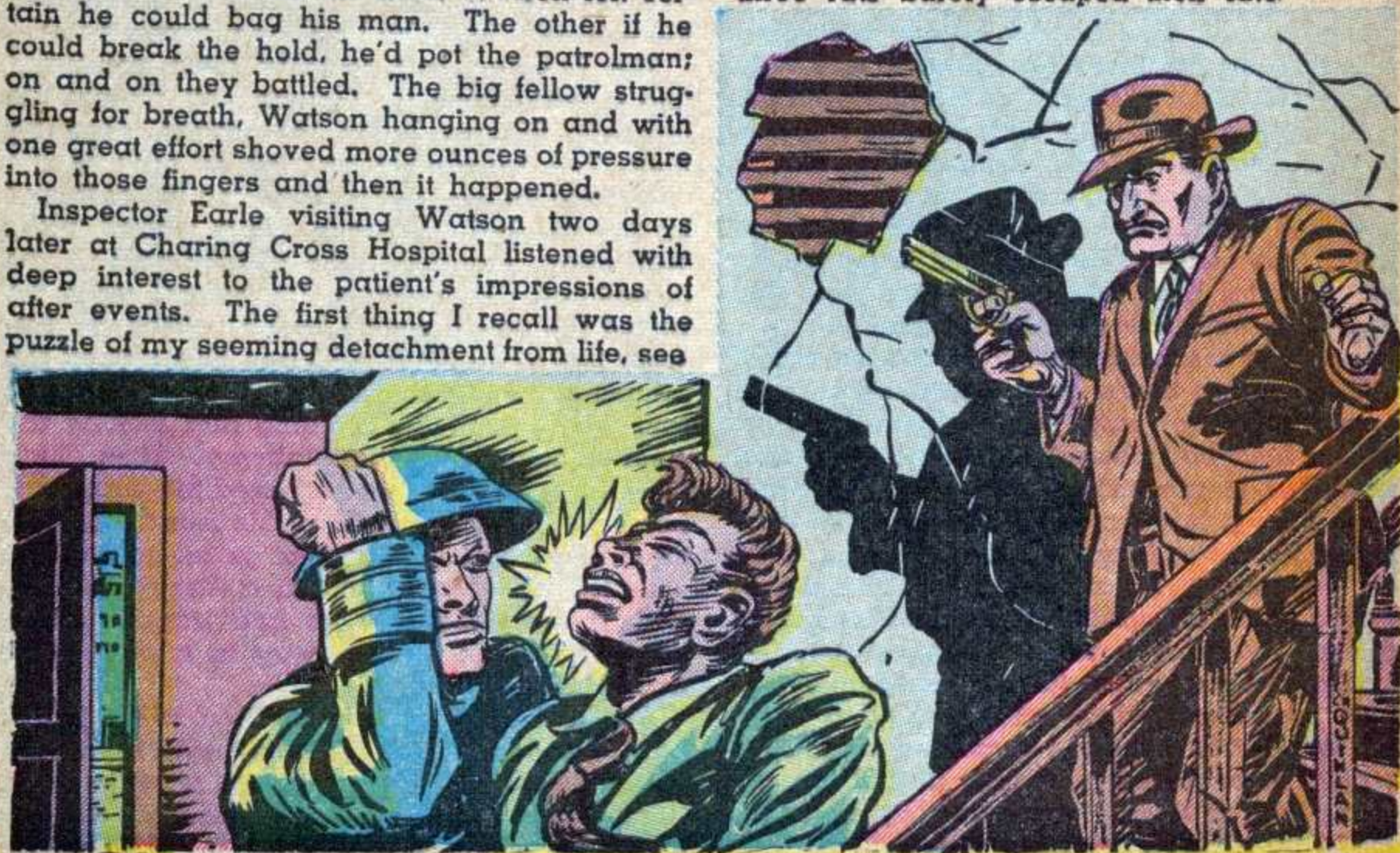
The patrolman had picked a tough customer, he was badly outweighed, but Watson down under was a tough bit of a lad and was now set to demonstrate. With one hand at the throat of his opponent, his free hand grabbed the big fellows wrist, bending and twisting it in an effort to take his gun away from him. Rolling and fighting, the big arm plunged and jerked like a bucking bronco to free itself for deadly work, but tighter and tighter clamped those steel-like fingers at his throat. The gun fired but the hand was now high in the air. Their faces now close together, Watson hearing the gasping breath, let go the wrist and with both hands at the fellow's throat, clamped tight the jaws of steel shutting off his wind. Fighting with strangling fury, the gun roared again, but the fast weakening man could give it no aim, the bullet sped wide of its mark.


Both men knew this to be a death struggle; if he could maintain his hold, Watson felt certain he could bag his man. The other if he could break the hold, he'd pot the patrolman; on and on they battled. The big fellow struggling for breath, Watson hanging on and with one great effort shoved more ounces of pressure into those fingers and then it happened.

Inspector Earle visiting Watson two days later at Charing Cross Hospital listened with deep interest to the patient's impressions of after events. The first thing I recall was the puzzle of my seeming detachment from life, see

ing myself as part of events only, the old brain was struggling to tie itself to things, to give me identity, to give me purpose. Cold water was splashing in my face; then someone was pouring whiskey down my throat, telling me to swallow, then it all came back in a flash, as he was struggling and breathing his last, a bomb hurtled earthward, I could hear the siren-like wail above the roar of planes, but do not recall the tone bringing any sense of fear as louder and louder the ear splitting note grew into its crescendo crash that literally tore its way through the building. The old six-story stone structure writhing and trembling as it took the punishment seemingly in one mighty upward surge came to a pause and was now slowly settling down, threatening to crush every living thing within, filling me with hopelessness, the hopelessness of the doomed; silence, unending silence followed; then I could feel the fires of hell racing through my veins, mounting to a hatred which seared the brain, blotting out cohesion.

I must have gone momentarily insane for I do not recall any organized effort at any understanding of the tragic possibilities brought in its wake. Bereft of my senses I lay there waiting for I know not what, as the spark of consciousness struggled to manifest itself into intelligence and action, and with it the hazy feeling that there was nothing that I could do but wait. The shock must have robbed me of desire—too weak to want for anything, I lay waiting now contented; then acrid fumes filling the dust laden air stirred my lungs into a rebellious cough bringing the realization that here lay Watson of Scotland Yard, who in bagging three rats barely escaped their fate.





"BY MEANS OF A SECRET CHARM TO DRAW,
AND AFTER ME SO AS YOU NEVER SAW,
ALL CREATURES LIVING BENEATH THE SUN,
THAT CREEP OR SWIM OR FLY OR RUN.

AND I CHIEFLY USE MY CHARM,
ON CREATURES THAT DO PEOPLE HARM,
THE MOLE, THE NEWT, THE TOAD, AND VIPER,
AND PEOPLE CALL ME THE PIED PIPER."

IN CRIMINAL COURT, JUDAS MERR-
MAC, ON TRIAL FOR MURDER, IS
QUESTIONED BY THE D.A.

THEN, MR. MERRMAC YOU
ADMIT GOING TO GEORGE
SMITH'S APARTMENT-THE
NIGHT OF THE MURDER!

SURE I WENT THERE!
-AND I KILLED HIM,
TOO! SURE, I--- I
KILLED HIM!



THE PIED PIPER

BY
ALLEN
ULMER

SILENCE! ...
SILENCE IN
THE COURT-
ROOM!

YOUR HONOR, BEFORE
ASKING FOR A DIRECT
VERDICT OF GUILTY--I
WOULD LIKE TO ASK THE
DEFENDENT ONE MORE
QUESTION!



MR. MERRMAC, WILL YOU
TELL ME THIS?--DID
YOUR ATTORNEY STEPHEN
PRENTICE KNOW THAT
YOU HAD KILLED GEORGE
SMITH!--HAD YOU MADE
A COMPLETE CONFESSION
TO HIM!

S-SURE HE
KNEW I--I--
WANTED TO PLEAD
GUILTY, BUT HE
TOLD ME HE
COULD GET ME
OFF FOR FIVE
THOUSAND DOLLARS
THAT'S WHAT I PAID
HIM--EVERY CENT
I HAD!



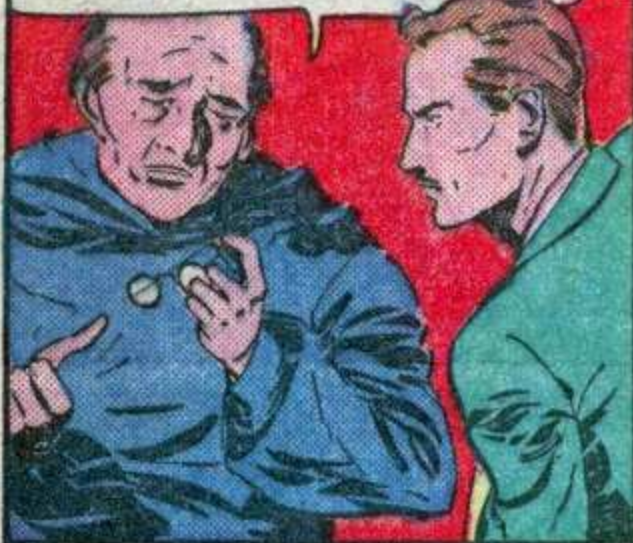
MR. PRENTICE!
HAVE YOU ANYTHING
TO SAY? WH--WHY
THIS IS TERRIBLE!

NO YOUR HONOR!
I--I DON'T KNOW
WHY JUDAS MERR-
MAC LIED!-- BUT
I HOPE TO HEAVENS
HE HAD A MIGHTY
GOOD REASON!



LATER IN
JUDGE
HAYWORTH'S
CHAMBER

PRENTICE, I INTEND TO
SEE THAT THIS WHOLE SHAMEFUL
AFFAIR IS BROUGHT TO THE ATTENTION
OF THE BAR ASSOCIATION. I INTEND TO
PREFER CHARGES AGAINST YOU MYSELF.
THE LEGAL PROFESSION HAS NO PLACE
IN IT FOR MEN OF YOUR TYPE!



LEAVING
THE COURT
STEVE SLOWLY
MAKES HIS
WAY TO
HIS CAR...



STEVE, WHY DIDN'T
YOU SPEAK UP IN
THE COURTROOM!
YOU DIDN'T REALLY
KNOW MERRMAC
WAS GUILTY, DID
YOU??

OH, HELLO PHIL, I CAN'T
FIGURE IT OUT, I
WAS SO SURE HE
WAS INNOCENT!
IT WILL RUIN ME
PHIL, I'LL NEVER BE
A LAWYER AGAIN
NEVER - NEVER!



YOU SHOULD NEVER HAVE
TAKEN THE CASE STEVE!
EVERY BIT OF EVIDENCE THERE
WAS POINTED TO MERRMAC AS
THE GUILTY MAN! - EVEN WITH-
OUT HIS CONFESSION HE WAS
DOOMED! THIS IS A BAD SITU-
ATION STEVE. I'LL USE WHAT IN-
FLUENCE I HAVE WITH THE BAR
ASSOCIATION, BUT I'M AFRAID
FOR YOU, STEVE!



AND STILL
LATER IN STEVE
PRENTICE'S OFFICE

WHAT TH... LOOKS
LIKE SOME



THANKS PHIL! I KNOW YOU'RE
A GREAT CRIMINAL, BUT I'LL NEED
SOMETHING MORE POWERFUL THAN
YOUR INFLUENCE TO GET ME
OUT OF THIS HOLE! THANKS
PHIL ... THANKS A LOT!





WHEW! -- I MUST HAVE BEEN OUT FOR ABOUT AN HOUR



I--I--DON'T KNOW! I CAME IN AND---PHIL LOOK!---IT'S--IT'S RUBY, MY SECRETARY--IS--IS SHE DEAD??

SHE'S DEAD ALL-RIGHT! SHOT THRU THE HEART!



HERE'S THE GUN THAT KILLED HER!--- MY GUN!!!---PHIL, THIS IS TERRIBLE. THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO MAKE SENSE! I'M BEING FRAMED!--- I DIDN'T KILL RUBY, PHIL--- AND I DIDN'T KNOW MERRMAC WAS A MURDERER. SOMEONE'S PUT ME ON A SPOT AND BY JUPITER I'M GOING TO FIND OUT WHO AND WHY!



YOU CALL THE POLICE. I'M GOING TO GET OUT. I DON'T WANT TO BE ARRESTED... YET!

BUT STEVE, IT WILL MAKE THINGS LOOK WORSE FOR YOU.. YOU CAN'T FIGHT THIS ALONE, YOU NEED--THERE GOES THE PHONE! I'LL ANSWER IT!



HELLO!---YES... YES NO, STEVE ISN'T HERE JUST NOW! .. ALL RIGHT, I'LL TELL HIM AS SOON AS HE COMES IN! GOOD-BYE! ..



WHO WAS IT, PHIL? HUGH M'CANN HE WANTS TO SEE YOU AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!--- BETTER BE CAREFUL OF HIM STEVE, M'CANN'S A TOUGH CUSTOMER--HE PRACTICALLY RUNS THIS CITY!



HMMM, I CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHAT HE WANTS WITH ME? BUT IT MIGHT BE WORTH SEEING HIM-- HE MAY KNOW SOMETHING, AND I CAN'T AFFORD TO OVERLOOK A SINGLE BIT OF EVIDENCE!!

AND LATER THAT EVENING THE NEWS IS SPREAD ACROSS THE CITY --- MARKED AS A MURDERER THE POLICE ARE GIVEN ORDERS TO SHOOT STEVE PRENTICE -- ON SIGHT --



□ EVENING STAR □ STEPHEN PRENTISS WANTED FOR MURDER

CALLING CAR 29.... STEVE PRENTICE SEEN IN VICINITY OF FIRST AVE. AND MILL ST. -- CALLING



I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME CLUE TO WORK ON. IF THE POLICE GET THEIR HANDS ON ME, I'LL NEVER BE ABLE TO PROVE MY INNOCENCE! IF I COULD ONLY WORK IN THE OPEN INSTEAD OF HIDING IN THE ALLEYS AND DODGING POLICE!! I'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING, I'VE GOT TO!



FOR A MOMENT STEVE'S FACE GROWS HARD---HIS EYES GLEAM WITH SAVAGE HATRED ---ONE WORD KEEPS RUNNING THROUGH HIS MIND--FRAMED--FRAMED

IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME-ONE THESE CROOKS AND KILLERS WOULD FEAR--SOME-ONE OR SOMETHING SO THAT THE SLIGHTEST WHISPER OF ITS NAME WILL SEND THEM CRAWLING BACK TO THEIR HOLES--- LIKE CORNERED RATS!!!

TWENTY MINUTES LATER
-- AT PHIL BALLARD'S APARTMENT





I'VE BEEN THINKING THIS OVER McCANN. I'M STEPPING OUT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE AS LONG AS PRENTICE ISN'T BEHIND BARS WE'RE IN DANGER



SO YOU'RE QUITTING EH? LISTEN HAYWORTH! .. YOU'RE IN THIS AS DEEP AS I AM, AND BESIDES PRENTICE IS TAKING THE RAP FOR THAT DAMES MURDER! WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT NOTHING AT ALL!



I'VE GOT THINGS ALL FIGURED OUT. PRENTICE IS GOING TO WALK INTO A SWEET LITTLE TRAP, AT MY HOME. SOME OF THE BOYS ARE WAITING FOR HIM--- THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF --- LISTEN, WHAT'S THAT MUSIC?

IT-IT'S COMING FROM THE GARDEN!



TSK, TSK... DOES MY MUSIC FRIGHTEN YOU GENTLEMEN? OH, PARDON ME FOR NOT INTRODUCING MYSELF... I AM THE PIED PIPER EXTERMINATOR OF RATS!

WHA-WHAT DO YOU WANT??



I HAVE FOUND THAT THERE ARE DIFFERENT TYPES OF RATS THAT ARE A MENACE TO SOCIETY!-- RATS LIKE YOU AND HAYWORTH AND YOU McCANN WHO MAKE THE INNOCENT PUBLIC SUFFER FOR YOUR EVIL DOINGS!!



HA--YOU ARE VERY CLEVER, MR. PIED PIPER. BUT----



... NOW IT'S MY TURN, HA-HA! I'M GOING TO KILL YOU BOTH, WITH YOU AND McCANN OUT OF THE WAY NO ONE CAN PROVE A THING AGAINST ME---HEH-HEH- YES THAT'S IT, KILL YOU BOTH----



MAYBE SOME OF MY ENCHANTING MUSIC WILL CHANGE YOUR MIND..... STEVE PRENTICE WAS FRAMED FOR MURDER, AND THE FINGER OF GUILT POINTS TO YOU HAYWORTH!

HEH--HEH--SURE WE FRAMED PRENTICE, BUT YOU'RE NEVER GOING TO PROVE IT!



I-I... STOP PLAYING THAT MUSIC--I--I--CAN'T STAND IT-- STOP IT I SAY--STOP IT I'LL KILL YOU--I'LL--I'LL



ON AND ON THE PIED PIPER PLAYS--AS BEADS OF PERSPIRATION ROLL FROM HAYWORTH'S HEAD--WITH HIS GUN SHAKING NERVOUSLY HE LEAPS ---



-- BUT BEFORE HE CAN REACH THE PIED PIPER HE TOPPLES BACKWARDS AS IF HIT BY A TERRIBLE BLOW



YOU SEE M'CANN, MUSIC IS MORE POWERFUL THAN ANY WEAPON! NOW GET TO THE PHONE AND CALL THE POLICE!

THAT MUSIC--IT KNOCKED HAYWORTH UNCONCIOUS--IT --I'LL CALL THE POLICE!



HELLO--HELLO--POLICE HEADQUARTERS--I--I-- THIS IS HUGH M'CANN-- I--I--WANT TO MAKE A CONFESSION---- YEAH--MURDER--



WELL STEVE, M'CANN'S CONFESSION PUTS YOU IN THE CLEAR --THEY FRAMED YOU BECAUSE MERRMAC WAS ONE OF HAYWORTH'S GUNMEN. THEY GOT YOU TO DEFEND MERRMAC. THEY FIGURED ON PUTTING YOU OUT OF THE WAY BEFORE YOU FOUND THAT HAYWORTH WAS A RACKETEER WORKING WITH M'CANN!

AND THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON IN STEVE PRENTICE'S OFFICE



OH, BY THE WAY STEVE YOU HAVE QUITE A COLLECTION OF FLUTES AND RARE MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS YOU PICKED UP WHILE TOURING THE ORIENT, HAVEN'T YOU!-- OH BUT OF COURSE, YOU COULDN'T BE THE PIED PIPER, OR COULD YOU!



WHAT DO YOU THINK, PHIL? WHAT DO YOU THINK!



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